IMPROVEMENT ERA

VOL. 31 DECEMBER, 1927 NO. 2

Dedicating the Temple
ELDER RICHARD R. LYMAN

Book of Mormon Custody
ELDER MELVIN J. BALLARD

Tobacco and Humanity
II—L. W. OAKS, M. D.

Spirit of Christmas
IRVIN L. WARNOCK, IDA STEWART PEAY, D. C. RETSLOFF, A HENDERSON

THE MIRACLE OF JOSEPH SMITH
FRANK C. STEELE

THE TITHE OF THE LAND
IDA W. BROWN

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EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

Tobacco Tracts—The No-Tobacco League has printed a large edition of one-page leaflets on "Why Smoke, Anyway," "A Stupid Slavery," "Tobacco vs Thrift," and "Smokeless Breathing Air." They are brief, terse, pungent. These leaflets should be put in the hands of every child and young person. A 2c stamp will bring samples. The League will appreciate the cooperation of all who believe in their motto: "Let us keep the young folks clean from the blight of nicotine. Let us teach the youth the truth about tobacco." —Address *Chas. M. Fillmore,* General Secretary, 821 Occidental Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.

In this connection Dr. Oaks' closing article, "Tobacco and Humanity," in this number, will interest you. Nothing more remarkable could be said on the subject.

The Spirit of Christmas is illustrated with touching power in the story for young high school and college men by Irvin L. Warnock, in this number; and by Ida Stewart Peay, in her characteristic style exemplifying this same spirit among the common people. Both will make the reader resolve to spend the Christmas in the right way to provide real joy.

Elder Melvin J. Ballard, in an illustrated article, in this number, calls attention to our binding power of promise as custodians of the Book of Mormon. The day is approaching when we are to discharge that obligation. There is need, therefore, that the young men shall realize the responsibility resting upon them to come out of their isolation to be saviors of the House of Israel. There are millions of descendants of father Lehi. Their hearts are to be touched by the power of the gospel of the Almighty until they shall be brought to the light and knowledge of the truth. The youth of the Church are urged to be prepared to discharge this holy duty.

More literary style—"I congratulate you upon the improvements in the November number of the *Era.* It has taken on a more literary style, which is one thing I like about it. The cover design is typical and interesting, the type is better, and the subject matter is all good. Wish you would keep on developing a literary style for the *Era,* it would be a big boost for obtaining the 50,000 subscription list which you want to reach. Of course, I would not try to alter its purpose in any way, but merely to encourage a broader and finer literary standard which would give to the *Era* an appeal to the strictly cultural taste."—*Lamont Johnson,* Missoula, Montana.

An associated press dispatch of November 1, states that a hunt for a deposit of fossils in the House Mountains of Utah, lost for 50 years has been ended by an amateur collector, Frank Beckwith of Delta, Utah, who has sent the collection to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. The deposit, reported by a pioneer western geologic survey, a half century ago, had been sought unsuccessfully for many years by the late Dr. Charles D. Walcott, a leading scientist, and the institution's secretary. The deposit is of fossil trilobites, a shelled invertebrate animal which was the dominant life of the sea many million years ago. They completely disappeared at about the time the coal deposits in the eastern United States were laid down. Dr. Walcott believed that life had existed on the earth at a much earlier period than had been supposed, and the trilobites furnished his principal evidence.

Mr. Beckwith, well known to the readers of the *Improvement Era,* informs us that the little strip of land which had been for so long "lost" is about ten feet wide by about a hundred feet long. He stumbled onto it by luck, only, when hunting water. He says that tiny strip is the richest in fossils of that geologic age of any place he has ever found. Besides his own visits, he took to it Dr. Fred J. Pack and Professor Asa A. L. Mathews of the University of Utah, former Professor A. R. Morris of the A. C. at Logan, also Charles Kelly, an amateur collector of Indian relics. He sent the Smithsonian Institution 3,300 specimens of trilobites, in which number were eleven different species, and one may possibly be later determined as a new one for that locality, not heretofore found in Utah. Mr. Beckwith will appear, in the January *Era,* in "The Wrangling of the Mountains."

Dorothy C. Retsloff has written a number of stories and other communications for the *Improvement Era.* Her story, "The Spirit of Love" in this number may be thought perhaps by some of the more mature people too simple for grown-ups. Those who think so, are asked to ponder the closing paragraph. "A little child shall lead them," we are told. There are many who need the instruction. The author says: "From the hills of Adultville we many times learn lessons by walking along the paths in the Valley of Childhood. It is a juvenile story for grown-ups."

Glen Perrins writes: "Congratulations! and I don't mean maybe. The new dress of the *Era* is great! That type, pictures, style, sure catches the eye."

O. F. Ursenbach, a friend and an early

worker for the *Improvement Era*, in the days of its founding, sends us this from Los Angeles, California: "May I express my congratulations on the changes made in the *Era*, beginning Volume 31. Really, it does not seem that long since I had the privilege of working on the first prospectus of the magazine, in connection with J. Golden Kimball."

Anent the message from the Maori Agricultural College, Hastings, N. Z., in this issue, it must be confessed that this institution is contributing beneficent service to the people in the islands of the seas. The institution not only teaches the gospel of Christ, and its saving principles, and righteous living under its influence, but is also unselfishly, even as our missionaries, aiding in the temporal development, and spiritual blessing of the people concerned. Alten Christensen, secretary of the College, sends these words of encouragement to the *Era*: "We receive the *Era* with hearty welcome. Both the elders and the students obtain satisfaction untold in the perusal of its pages. May your success be continued." Long life and increased power and usefulness to the Maori Agricultural College.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, DECEMBER, 1927

HEBER J. GRANT, EDWARD H. ANDERSON } Editors

Melvin J. Ballard, Business Mgr.
Moroni Snow, Assistant

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A Baby Song

Hear again that sweet old story
Of a clear and holy night
When the angels sang in glory;
And a new star beaming bright
Made a pathway for a baby
Out of golden gleams of light.

Startled shepherds heard the singing,
Clear as bells at Christmas ring,
Sacred strains from Heaven, bringing
Tidings of a new-born King.
Oh! What tribute for a baby,
Who is such a little thing!

Wise men wondered when they sighted
Radiant rays upon the earth,
From a star prepared and lighted
To proclaim a baby's birth,
And to show with light from Heaven
What a tiny babe is worth.

But the world, in sin dejected,
Never heard the Angel song,
And the light was unreflected
By the souls submerged in wrong;
Jesus came unsung, unheeded
By the blind and groping throng.

Even we, in sin and sorrow,
Lightly heed each baby's part,
When the greatness of to-morrow
Beats divinely in its heart.
High or humble be its mission,
It is still God's work of art.

Every babe is not a Jesus;
Every star is not so bright;
But the angels sing to please us.
And a new star blooms at night
For each child that comes from Heaven
With its little gleam of light.

And if we but look and listen,
We may hear an angel strain,
Or a new-made star may glisten
When our hope is on the wane—
Babies all bring light from Heaven,
And they do not come in vain.

Blackfoot, Idaho.

A. IRA COX

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The First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. under whose direction the Arizona temple was designed and erected, and on October 23-26. 1927, dedicated. Left: Anthony W. Ivins; center: Heber J. Grant; right: Charles W. Nibley.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXXI DECEMBER, 1927 No. 2

Dedication of the Arizona Temple

Mesa, Arizona, October 23-26, 1927

By Elder Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of the Twelve

ANOTHER temple dedicated! This makes nine, eight of which still stand. Built, completed, dedicated, by Latter-day Saints, seven of these are used in sacred ordinance work, for both the living and the dead.

The official visitors, fifty-two in number, spent a day in Los Angeles, the forenoon with officials of the Los Angeles stake, the noon hour with the California mission, and the afternoon under the direction of the Hollywood stake. The day came to a perfect close, when, as guests of Mr. Sid Grauman, all were thrilled with the impressive presentation of "The King of Kings."

Visions made realities in the new "Chinese Theatre," pictures highly religious and with a most stirring appeal, the "Hallelujah Chorus," rendered as only a great orchestra and an immense choir can present it—all these combined to make an ideal preparation for the dedication of the temple. We still hear those great words, "King of kings and Lord of lords, and he shall reign forever and ever!"

After a few hours of rest, in the day time, and one night of dreams in Mesa, we arose with the throngs of people in the midst of a scene of unrivaled beauty, the center of which was the temple. Says one Arizona paper: "Perhaps the greatest multitude ever assembled in Arizona for a religious program, gathered at sunrise yesterday in Mesa." There were acres of people, estimated at from five to eight thousand; within the temple there were twelve or fifteen hundred, while in the ward chapels, and in the Mezona Recreation Hall were from three to six thousand more, all of whom heard the program through amplifiers.

As the eyes of these thousands turned toward the temple and

General scene, exterior of the temple, at the dedication service. Loud speakers enabled the multitude to hear in th open distinctly, the services which were enjoyed by hundreds who saw and heard the interior. "There were acres of people estimated at from 5,000 to 8,000; within the ward chapels and in the Mezona recreation hall were from 3,000 to 6,000 more, all of whom heard the program through amplifiers."

the rising sun, they beheld the combined choirs of the Los Angeles and Hollywood stakes massed on the roof of the temple. They might have exclaimed, "Who are these arrayed in white?"

Since it was through Joseph Smith the Prophet that this intense temple-building spirit was awakened, it was fitting that at daybreak Stephens' masterpiece, "The Vision," should be sung on the roof of this newest and latest temple, erected in the name of the King of kings and Lord of lords.

Of this scene the *Arizona Republican* remarks: "A silvery sun appeared radiant over the hazy mountains. The great choir was standing. A hush settled over the multitude. A man raised his arm, and to his leadership 150 voices rang out in an impressive song of praise to the Lord of the universe, while 5,000 members of a faith unique in the annals of man breathed silent prayers for divine blessing on a new temple. Then for two hours followed in beautiful words and music the ever-marvelous story of the boy Joseph Smith, the boy who heard and saw many visions, who, according to the sacred story, received from his God divine revelation and inspiration which caused him to found the 'Mormon' Church."

At the sunrise service President Heber J. Grant expressed gratitude to the governors, who had always extended many courtesies; to the newspapers for their elaborate editions setting forth the program of dedication; to the state government for the welcome it had extended; and to those who were not members of the Church who attended the services.

Then, in a short, intense address, Miss Lucile McMurrin explained "The Vision." Had her voice been the voice of an "angel flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to every nation, kindred, tongue and people," it could hardly have been more impressive. Her clear-cut words fell distinctly upon the ears of the assembled thousands.

Then came the dedicatory service proper within the temple. The words of President Anthony W. Ivins aroused deep emotion. In his clear, mild, distinct voice and accurate language, he explained that he is an Arizona pioneer, having come with an expedition in 1875. There were no railroads and few settlers at that time. "Even then," he said, "I saw big possibilities for the establishment of an empire in this the Salt River Valley; but my fondest dreams have been exceeded by its marvelous industrial development." For the Church, for the down-trodden Lamanites, and for the world, he declared this day of dedication marks the beginning of important changes.

During the impressive prayer of dedication, delivered by Pres-

ident Heber J. Grant, at the close of the remarks of President Ivins, tears came to the eyes of many listeners, some of them not members of the Church.

The President invoked divine blessings on all mankind, on our country and its institutions. On behalf of the whole Church he expressed profound thanks to the Giver of all good gifts for the blessings already received.

After remembering the general authorities of the Church he continued: "O Father, bless, we beseech thee, those who preside over the stakes of Zion, and in all the wards and branches of the Church, and over the various quorums of the Priesthood, whether the Melchizedek or the Aaronic. Bless those who preside over the missions throughout the world, together with all thy servants and handmaids who have gone forth to proclaim to the people of the world the restoration to the earth of the plan of life and salvation.

"We pray that thy blessings may be upon the kings and rulers in all nations, that they may minister in justice and righteousness and give liberty and freedom to the people over whom they rule.

"We thank thee for this land of liberty in which we dwell, which thou hast said is 'a land choice above all other lands.' We are grateful that thou did'st inspire the noble men who framed the Constitution of our beloved Country, and we beseech thee that the principles of that document may ever be maintained; that contention and bitterness may cease, and that peace and patriotism, love and loyalty, may prevail. * * *

"We beseech thee, O Lord, that thou wilt stay the hand of the destroyer among the descendants of Lehi who reside in this land, and give unto them increasing virility and more abundant health, that they may not perish as a people, but that from this time forth they may increase in numbers and in strength and influence, that all the great and glorious promises made concerning the descendants of Lehi may be fulfilled in them."

Perhaps no other part of the President's appeal to divine Providence moved more deeply the feelings of his hearers than did his supplication for the youth:

"Keep the youth of thy people in the straight and narrow path that leads to thee; preserve them from the pitfalls and snares that are laid for their feet. Oh, Father, may our children grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord Jesus Christ. Protect them from infidelity and unbelief, and give unto them a testimony of the divinity of this work as thou hast given it unto us. Preserve them in purity and truth and lead them in the way of salvation.

"We dedicate the ground, and the building, with all the fur-

A front view of the beautiful Arizona temple at Mesa. Choruses of combined choirs of different wards and stakes, were heard; and readings, solos, and short addresses were delivered from the roof of the building.

nishings and fittings thereof, and everything pertaining thereunto, from the foundation to the roof, to thee, our Father and our God."

In all these services no moment was more thrilling than when, under the direction of Professor H. H. Otte the combined St. Joseph stake choirs sang, with tremendous effect, the "Hallelujah Chorus," the words; "King of kings and Lord of Lords, forever and forever," recalling the same great anthem in the Chinese Theatre at Los Angeles.

On the concert program Tuesday night there were actually twenty-nine numbers. The performers came from all the stakes of the temple district—Hollywood, Los Angeles, St. Johns, St. Joseph, Snowflake, Maricopa, and Juarez—each with its choicest and most expert musical performers so thoroughly prepared that there was hardly any reference to written words or music.

There were choruses by combined choirs led by different conductors of various wards and stakes. There were vocal and instrumental solos, also readings and short addresses. The trumpet did its part; there were sextets, quartets, duets, as well as solos.

We had reason to note the physical strength, the mental power, the artistic talent, and the efficient training of those who furnished numbers. A great night, a great occasion. Concerning it the *Arizona Gazette* says:

"The roof of the temple became a shrine before which the offering of song was made. Across the fields of grain—dipping low to the listening desert, and topping the hills of the border-land —music triumphed. In the hearts of the older 'Mormons,' the music awoke and stirred vivid memories; but on the ears of the younger generation, it fell like a bugle call of a militant march of progress. The bold, free spirit of the early land had served its day; men and women bred of the same belief were creating a newer spirit, and pledging their vows to 'carry on.' Suddenly on the air there winged the song of an Indian woman—a prayer of praise and hope and joy; as her voice died on the night, a Navajo Indian man sang in his native tongue 'The Prayer of Supplication.'

"Few scenes in the present day could be more picturesque than that created by the dozens of wagons and buggies carrying the Maricopa and Papago Indians to the service. All yesterday afternoon and late into the night the horses patiently stood while their owners worshiped silently—or in many cases slept in peace on the grassy court. It was their day—the day of the Lamanites.

"Huge amplifiers carried the voices out over the audience. The voices of the choirs—three hundred strong—rang out in perfect unison, and the notes of the wind instruments and the piano were

A group of the leading General Authorities of the Church present at the dedication of the temple. Left to right: Stephen L. Richards, Joseph Fielding Smith, Hyrum G. Smith, George Albert Smith, Sylvester Q. Cannon, Rudger Clawson, David A. Smith, Richard R. Lyman, President Heber J. Grant, David O. McKay, Anthony W. Ivins, Melvin J. Ballard, J. Golden Kimball, Joseph W. McMurrin, Rulon S. Wells.

in splendid harmony. Even the least sensitized felt the poetry of the evening—felt it beat on restless wings, heard the call of the crusaders, and gloried with a great people in a magnificent achievement.

"Mesa became the city of the world last night. The nation was watching it, and flashes on the wire told of the important feature—or that 'Mormons' from all over America were there, and all of Arizona could be found.

"The dedicatory services were like nothing that had been seen here before. No religious phalanx of the New World could have more significance. The President of the five hundred thousand 'Mormons' of the world, Heber J. Grant, like no other dignitary or prelate known, mingled with the audience and clasped the hands of 'Mormons' and those of other beliefs with like sincerity."

In four days, ten wonderful dedicatory services were held. Eleven well-trained choirs furnished music. In one of the sessions, two choirs sang. In each session, after giving the sacred "Hosanna" shout, the choir, furnishing the music, sang Evan Stephens' "Hosanna Anthem."

The Celestial room, in which these choirs sang and in which the speakers and general authorities were seated, is located in the very top of the temple. When looking down the long stairway which leads from this room of splendor to the temple entrance on the west, one had the feeling of being located near the top of a tall cone.

It was from this position that the choirs with telling effect sang in unison "Hosanna, to God and the Lamb! The House of the Lord is completed." All present were filled with awe when the choir continued singing the anthem while the audience sang the familiar hymn, "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning, the Latter-day glory begins to come forth."

A Missionary Mecca

Daniel Johnson, Book Commissarian, California Mission

The dedication of the Arizona temple, brought the Saints from far and near to Mesa, where it is located. With them came also the missionaries laboring in the different mission fields. There were present about 135, representing the California, Western States, Mexican, Central States, and the Northwestern States missions.

The missionaries traveled to the temple by way of the train, automobile, and the "Missionary Special," so-called by the elders, when they travel on the highway and, perchance, receive a ride from some hospitable traveler. It is a wonderful opportunity of preaching the gospel.

Wherever missionaries go, they take with them the spirit of preaching the gospel; and so, on one of the street corners in Mesa, they congregated together on the nights of Saturday and Sunday and held street meetings, gathering large crowds to listen to the gospel message expounded from the street corner as well as from the temple.

A group of 135 missionaries who attended the dedication of the Arizona temple, Mesa, Arizona

Front row: Visitor, Wm. C. Drage, C.; visitor, Daniel L. Corry, C., pres. San Jose dist.; Laurence Weber, C.; Leo H. Nielson, sec. C.; Donald M. Pack, W. S., pres. San Luis dist.; Walter M. Montgomery, W. S. pres. New Mexico dist.; Everette Bennion, sec. W. S.; C. Phillip Lambert, C., pres. San Bernardino dist.; O. Robert McKinley, C., pres. Long Beach dist.; James A. Cullimore, C., pres. San Diego dist.; Geo. H. Marchant, C., supt. Y. M. M. I. A. and S. school; L. Burt Farnsworth, M., pres. Arizona dist. '2nd row: Henry Jones; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Sonteo, Indian missionaries; Jennie Jensen, M.; Lila Higgbee, M.; Mable C. Davis, M.; John M. Knight, pres. W. S.; Mrs. John M. Knight, W. S.; Rey L. Pratt, pres. M.; Mrs. Rey L. Pratt, M.; Mrs. S. O. Bennion, C. S.; Samuel O. Bennion, pres. C. S.; Jos. W. McMurrin, pres. C.; Margaret K. Miller, pres. Relief Society, C.; Charlotte Stahr, asst. pres. R. S. C.; D. Waldon Ballard, pres. Sacramento dist.; N. Grace Holman, C., corres. sec.; Hilda M. Widdison, M.; Dorthy Downey, C.; Ethel Chadwick, C.; Elsie Hogan; Daniel H. Johnson, book comm. C.; M. Reedo Beebe, C.; pres. Nevada dist. 3rd row: Mary Wainwright, C.; visitor; Virginia Porter, C.; R. H. Stewart, C.; Sophia Lund, C.; Joel T. Humphries, W. S.; Alton L. Braithwaite, W. S.; Stacy D. Garn, W. S.; Oel C. Hoss, W. S.; Jos. E. Lister, W. S.; Ray Archibald, W. S.; Boyd Covington, W. S.; Wayne Francis, W. S.; Ellis Shaffer, W. S.; Delbert C. Knudson, W. S.; Gerald G. Weaver, W. S.; Erwin Fisher, C.; Vetta Linford, C.; Cleon Attwood, C.; Arlene Ashcroft, C., pres. Y. L. M. I. A. and Primaries; T. Erwin King, C.; R. Claud Boyce, C., pres. Arizona dist.; Cloy H. Rallison, C.; Trulan O. Eyre, C.; Alex O. Coleman, C.; Geo. P. Lytle, C.; Maurine Gammett, C.; Nina Halliday, C.; A. Ova Johnson, C.; Winneford Hollis, C.; Leah Hacking, C.; Edna Halls, C.; Melba Farley, M., corres. sec.; Grace Cheever; D. H. Higginbotham, M.; Seth Hoops. 4th row: Norman B. Wing, C.; Howard G. Kelly, C.; James C. Farr, C., visitor; LaVar M. Black, M.; Kenneth S. Carlile, C.; Nellie Madson, C.; Everett F. Devy, C.; M. S. Davis, M.; Weston N. Nordgran, M.; Earl G. Whittaker, C., visitor; E. C. Willis, C.; Melvin C. Wall, C.; Hazel C. Day, C.; Marion S. Skinner, M.; Walter B. Mason, C.; Arthur M. Coombs, C.; Violet Hasty, C.; Cassis A. Jensen, C.; Walter Neville, C.; Lauri I. Astoll; Donald H. Schoffield, C.; Lola McLaughlin, M.; Arthur Hogan, M., visitor. 5th row: Grant L. Bayles, M.; Melvin Thurgood, M.; Ernest Huber, M.; John O. Stock, M.; J. Glen Wright, C.; Dona David, C.; Cecil G. Bargeron, C.; J. Arnold Thurgood, C.; S. Marlo Topham, M.; Vernal A. Smith, C.; Verd A. Hanks, C.; W. Udall, M.; B. A. Farnsworth, M.; Fred T. Ash, M.; Nornon L. Schofield, C.; O. Truman Swallow, C.; Ezra M. Hawes, C.; Delbert Fugal, C.; John Larsen, C.; Kenneth Summers, C.—California mission, C.; Western states mission, W. S.; Central states mission, C. S.; Mexican mission, M.

For Sale—A Billion Christmas Seals

By A. Schaeffer, Jr.

Few persons realize the magnitude of the annual Christmas Seal Sale. Looking at a single seal, it is hard to realize that it is only one of a billion and a half, which had to be printed a whole year in advance of the December sale. He who sees in the tiny symbol merely a gay scrap of paper, a yearly reminder of an obligation to be met more or less grudgingly, is missing out on one of life's finest experiences, losing the conscious joy of having a share in one of its greatest achievements. For the Penny Christmas Seal, pledged to the wiping of the tragedy of tuberculosis, has come to be a virbrant, vital force not only through the month of December each year, but through all the other months as well.

Think of the power of it! A tiny seal that costs but a cent. Strange weapon with which to fight the greatest of all disease foes, and yet in its apparent insignificance lies its great strength. For even a child can buy a seal. Even a child can share in its great work. Does not much of the power of the Christmas Seal lie revealed in that casual phrase. If the seal did no more than to impress on the child mind its message of "health for all," would it not be doing something great, something tremendously well worth while? But the seal does far more than that. It is building in the present as well as for the future.

The annual Christmas Seal Sale calls into action a great band of volunteers who make a whole-hearted contribution of service that cannot begin to be measured in dollars and cents, even though it represents so vast a sum in money value alone. Think of what it means to have this army of influential men and women taking personal charge in their various communities of the raising of funds with which to carry on the fight against tuberculosis and all preventable diseases. Think of its educational value!

Here is a civic service of the highest type. service more far-reaching than can ever be told or known. It is a tremendous job which the Christmas Seal finances, and no one group can carry it through successfully alone. It has a bearing on, a relation to, every effort that contributes to the building up of a community and state, for success in the fight for better health inevitably means better home and working conditions and a healthier, happier citizenship for the future.

What Is Your Boast

What is your boast for deeds your sires have done,
  What their renown?
What is your claim—their scion and their son,
Till, likewise, deeds of valor you have won
  And handed down?

What is your right to genealogy
  Of ages gone—
Your pride in genius and gentility,
Till you, the total and finality,
  Have added on!

What is your vaunt of kindred and of folk—
  However good,
If the weft and sinew of the oak,
You have renounced your title to evoke
  A finer wood!

Mesa, Arizona. Bertha A. Kleinman

Our Duty as Custodians of the Book of Mormon

By Elder Melvin J. Ballard, of the Council of the Twelve

IN directing the attention of the members of the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church at this particular time towards the Book of Mormon, in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the plates having been delivered to the Prophet Joseph Smith, we earnestly urge that our membership shall read the book. Our slogan calls for a fuller knowledge of it, and by earnestly and prayerfully reading it a testimony of its divine origin will be obtained through the Holy Ghost.

We desire to impress upon the young people of the Church, as they read this sacred book, in search of a testimony of its divine authenticity, the fact that we are its custodians. That is a very sacred responsibility. We must not only know that the sacred record is true, but we must see that it shall go forward to its destiny.

What is the purpose and mission of the Book of Mormon? The answer is clearly set forth in Mormon's preface, as found on the fly leaf of the Book of Mormon itself. It is there stated that these plates were written and preserved "to show unto the remnant of the house of Israel what great things the Lord hath done for their fathers, and that they may know the covenants of the Lord, that they are not cast off forever—And also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ, the Eternal God, manifesting himself unto all nations."

In the third section of the Doctrine and Covenants we find that the Lord has revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith that the testimony that Jesus is the Christ must come "to the knowledge of the Lamanites, and the Lemuelites and the Ishmaelites, who dwindled in unbelief because of the iniquity of their fathers, whom the Lord has suffered to destroy their brethren the Nephites, because of their iniquities and their abominations;

"And for this very purpose are these plates preserved which contain these records, that the promises of the Lord might be fulfilled, which he made to his people;

"And that the Lamanites might come to the knowledge of their fathers, and that they might know the promises of the Lord, and that they may believe the gospel and rely upon the merits of Jesus

Christ, and be glorified through faith in his name, and that through their repentance they might be saved."

All this, therefore, clearly indicates that the chief mission of the Book of Mormon is to bring to pass the conversion, redemption,

TYPICAL INDIANS OF THE GREAT ANDEAN PLATEAU OF BOLIVIA AND PERU. THERE ARE MILLIONS OF THEM

and restoration of this branch of the House of Israel—the descendants of Lehi.

Now, when is the hour to come that this mission and responsibility is to be discharged? It was the anxiety of the prophet and the early elders of the Church to carry the knowledge of the Book of

Mormon to the Indians of this country. The Prophet began the work. It was carried forward by many missionaries. A few received the message. Some have partaken of the blessings and privileges of the gospel, but the masses of the Indians in this country, as well as in other portions of America, have not yet heard of the Book of Mormon.

I remember my own contemplations upon the subject, many years ago, while engaged in missionary work among the Indians of Montana. I recall having an opportunity to speak to some three hundred of them, and while waiting for my translator there were many questions that came to my mind; one of them: Why had not the Indians received the gospel before this time? The answer came as clearly as anything I have ever received; the right time was not yet come, for there were many things that had to be done by the hand of the Gentiles in preparing the Lamanites for the reception of the gospel. Many of the things that were to be accomplished were manifest to me, and so I feel that the Lord has been working in preparing this branch of the House of Israel for the reception of the gospel.

While in South America, last year, I recall pondering upon this same subject and reading those precious words of promise concerning the restoration of Lehi's children. There came very clearly to me then the conviction that the day of their redemption is approaching.

In the 45th section of the Doctrine and Covenants the Lord plainly reveals to the Prophet Joseph Smith the events of the latter days, and describes the introduction of the gospel as the beginning of the times of the Gentiles. Speaking of the House of Israel, in the 25th verse of that section, he says:

"But they shall be gathered again, but they shall remain until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."

So that their hour was not to come until the times of the Gentiles had been accomplished. The beginning of the times of the Gentiles is clearly set forth as the time when the light should break forth, or the beginning of this gospel dispensation. In the 39th verse it is stated:

"And in that generation shall the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."

So, we are left to conclude that the generation that saw the light break forth should not pass away until the times of the Gentiles were concluded.

I am not saying how long a period a generation is. I recognize that the Book of Mormon has generally referred to a hundred years

as a generation, so that even though this may not be accurate, it is approximately correct. Therefore, are we not already in the dawn of the times of the House of Israel? This does not imply that when the time of the Gentiles is fulfilled that the gospel will not continue with the Gentiles to provide that the blood of Israel, still with them, shall be searched out, but a new day will dawn—the day of Israel.

Other signs that indicate that this day is at hand may be found

INDIANS OF SOUTH AMERICA. SHAWLS, SKIRTS AND OTHER CLOTHING MADE BY THE INDIANS THEMSELVES

in the Book of Mormon, I Nephi 14, the whole chapter, wherein the Lord describes to Nephi the events of the latter days, in the conflict that shall be between the great and abominable church and the Church of Christ—this Church. Also the war that should be poured out upon all nations, and that this would be a sign that the anger of the Lord is kindled against the mother of abominations, and when we saw these signs we would know that the day of Israel was at hand. Reading the 17th verse we find:

"When the day cometh that the wrath of God is poured out upon the mother of harlots, which is the great abominable church

of all the earth, whose foundation is the devil, then, at that day, the work of the Father shall commence, in preparing the way for the fulfilling of his covenants, which he hath made to his people who are of the house of Israel."

Another important event that signifies the closing of the Gentile period, and the beginning of the day of Israel, is found in those marvelous circumstances that have occurred in the land of Palestine. The Lord himself predicted, Luke 21:24, that "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."

Now the fact that the land of Palestine is no longer trodden down of the Gentiles, but has been freed from the hands of the oppressor, and that the day of its deliverance has come, is a sign that the prophecy is being fulfilled.

The Lord himself says that the first should be last, and the last should be first. In further explanation of that statement he declares that he came to the Jews, first, in the meridian of time; and, afterwards, the gospel went from them unto the Gentiles, but in the last days it would go to the Gentiles first. What for? To find the children of Ephraim sifted and scattered among the Gentile nations. And after the work was accomplished, then the gospel would go to the Jews and to the rest of the House of Israel.

Teaching the gospel to Israel is our duty and responsibility. The day is approaching when we are to discharge it, hence the need of every young man and young woman in the Church being familiar with these great promises and realizing that the responsibility of being the saviors of the House of Israel rests upon us. Like Joseph of old, we are to come out of our isolation to be the saviors of that House of Israel—not to feed them with the physical bread, as he did, but succor them with the bread of life. Greater things than have ever heretofore been accomplished, more wonderful events than have ever, up to this day, transpired, are before this Church. As the day approaches when those events will be consummated, let us be prepared.

So that, in knowing that the Book of Mormon is true, my anxiety is that the young people of the Church will also come to know what their responsibility is, and prepare themselves and be ready for the time when the Lord shall bring to pass the redemption of the House of Israel.

While in the midst of millions of the descendants of Father Lehi, in South America, witnessing their bondage and the ignorance and darkness that has been over them, for lo, these many centuries, my heart was stirred! I felt like Moses in Egypt; I wanted to lead

them out of bondage. I realize, however, that their deliverance can only come by and through the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, but I am firmly convinced that the day approaches when their hearts will be touched and the power of the Almighty will work upon them, and they shall be brought to the light and knowledge of the truth.

May the Lord prepare the young men and women of this Church to discharge this holy obligation, and find them willing servants in his cause, that redemption may come to the whole of Israel. May he speed that day!

On "Keeping" Christmas

WHILE thinking of the many different manners, in the many different lands, of observing Christmas day, I came to the conclusion that there is something better than the mere observance of Christmas day—and that is "keeping" Christmas.

To keep the day in the true spirit of the One whose birthday it is, we must be willing—like him—to forget what we have done for others, and let our thoughts dwell on what others have done for us.

Are we willing to forethink the needs of the little ones who are coming into the world every day in the year? To remember the spent and lonely hearts of those who have seen many Christmas days? To stop wondering how true our friends may be to us, and be a more true friend to them? To endeavor to understand and appreciate the everyday folk about us? To burn up our ugly hates and petty jealousies in the Yule fire, and to let its glow penetrate to every recess of our hearts, that others may see and be warmed? Are we willing to do this for a-day—Christmas day? If so, then we are "keeping" Christmas.

And in addition, are we willing to radiate the belief that Love is the greatest thing in the world—greater than evil—so great that even the grave cannot smother it—and that he who was born on Christmas day, kindled the fire of eternal Love, on earth, that we might keep it brightly burning? Then we are really "keeping" Christmas.

And if we can keep one day—Christmas day—why not every day, and for always?

A. HENDERSON

Tobacco and Humanity

By L. Weston Oaks, M. D.

II.

Effect Upon the Nervous System.

The writer was recently consulted by a man of thirty-five years, who came because of loss of hearing and severe attacks of dizziness. He also complained of constant head noises and extreme nervousness. His lack of nervous control showed itself in trembling of hands, fluttering of eyelids, restlessness and unreasoning irritability of temper. Careful examination of this patient, from the standpoint of his loss of hearing and vertigo, elicited such bizarre responses in many instances, that no definite conclusion as to the site of the trouble and its cause could be arrived at. Some of the features of the situation suggested that there might be a drug factor in his case; and he was again questioned closely as to his habits of life. This time the fact was brought out that he smoked a great many cigarettes every day; and that he had already suspected this was responsible for his illness. When asked why he did not stop them, he replied, with deepest anguish in his tone:

"My God, I can't quit. I've tried and tried; but it's no use. I'd die without them."

Here was a young man, endowed at the beginning with a strong body, a keen mind, a steady hand for his work, and a cheery, attractive personality. In the space of only a few years, the tobacco habit had changed him to one physically infirm, unable (as he said) to render dependable calculations in his work, unsteady of hand, restless at night and unreasoningly irascible. Can one imagine a more systematic or sardonic wrecking of life, without insanity or physical destruction?

The plight of this not uncommon case is related as a concrete illustration of two things that tobaccoism does to the human nervous system. First, its ungovernable power to create a desire for itself, and to thereby perpetuate a habit. Second, its inevitable destruction of those vital nervous energies so necessary to the living of a normal, sane life.

From a habit standpoint, the curious and in a sense appalling thing about the tobacco habit is the fact that no one has ever taken its use up, in the first place, because of a craving for it. In the words of Dr. A. Abrahams of London:

> "Unlike other drugs, the ingestion of which induces a drug habit, tobacco is not taken in the first instance to satisfy a natural or an unnatural craving. On the contrary, in all cases a deliberate attempt is made to acquire the habit, in nearly all cases the attempt is followed by the most unpleasant consequences; and in not a few cases tolerance is established only after a persistent effort which may last for months."

It would almost seem as if Nature had set her heart against this poison being introduced into the body, and used every means of repulsing it. Then, when the perverse human forces it upon her, she is compelled to organize factors to resist its effects. These forces, once brought together, constitute what we recognize as the tolerance of a man's system to the drug. Once established for a narcotic substance, this power to combat it must be used if the individual is to be comfortable. If the poison which created the tolerance is not supplied, to keep it subdued through activity, it then proceeds to act as a burning brand applied to the nervous system; and either the drug *must* be obtained or the toleration overcome before any comfort can be had.

Actually, application of a narcotic poison to delicate sensitive nerve cell protoplasm sets up an irritability, which must be constantly benumbed by the poison that induced it. As time goes on and poisoning proceeds, this unnatural fretfulness grows, until, if unappeased by its drug, it will possess and occupy the individual's every thought. It becomes in reality an unforgetable pain of such severity as to destroy mental balance and bring

on a sort of insanity that makes of an otherwise calm and agreeable person an irascible, ill-tempered one, ready to fly at the throat of his best friend. Anyone who has been for a few days the unwilling camp companion of a tobacco user minus his tobacco, will readily testify to the intense discomfort inflicted upon all who must come into contact with such a being. Then to witness the trembling eagerness with which he lights his first smoke again, and see the utter calm settle over his enraged nerves gives mute evidence of his slavery to this curious mania.

Except in degree of effect and in manner of acquisition, nicotine and morphine habitisms are identical in their natures. The opium user reaches more rapidly a lower state of degradation and degeneration than tobacco could ever lead the average man to; but there is a certainty of parallelism between the two which cannot be denied. In the matter of drug action upon human beings, though, there is such great difference in degree of power over separate individuals that any dogmatic universal statement upon the subject is but evidence of lack of knowledge. With some, inveterate use of tobacco leads to greater nervous and mental disintegration than even opium could induce in others whose innate vitality has not been dissipated by smoking generations of forbears. Particularly is it bad for growing boys. A New York City magistrate, who has been quoted by various writers, says emphatically:

"Ninety-nine out of a hundred boys between the ages of ten and seventeen years, who come before me charged with crime, have their fingers disfigured by yellow cigarette stains."

So keenly do students of the matter sense this danger to the young that one finds in the literature almost numberless unreserved declarations against it. Dr. T. H. Barnes, in his paper already quoted from, says concerning the use of tobacco by boys:

"Habits which have a depressing influence should be shunned by the growing lad. Bad habits make their lasting impression at this age and it often takes years to get rid of the effects of wrongdoings during the period when Nature makes her greatest demand upon the physical side. If a boy would realize that he has no right to smoke or use tobacco before he is twenty, especially cigarettes, the problem would be easily solved. Unfortunately the example of elders is generally followed and boys think they will become men faster if they rise to that estate through the medium of smoke wreathes."

Tobacco's injury to the growing boy is wrought upon his nervous system. As in all other things he does of his own inclination, he is bound to be immoderate in his smoking; and the result is soon apparent in a loss of ambition to do things, a lessening of desire to attend school, an increasing disregard for telling the truth and a decided loss of ability in mental tasks. Blurring of his sense of moral responsibility is rapid; and, from a lad entirely trustworthy in all things, he may become utterly undependable, egotistic, often discourteous and increasingly selfish.

When a fond father considers the possibility of such a change in his own bright-eyed boy, he dimly senses the grave responsibility that rests upon us as elders to these growing sons whose lives during their tender years determine whether they shall be living dynamos or lagging derelicts. It is an unassailable fact that no boy would ever subject himself to the illness and discomfort incident to acquiring tobacco tolerance, were it not for the examples we set him. There is a dramatic appeal in watching one, superior in years and apparent wisdom, calmly performing the smoker's ritual, which a boy's natural curiosity cannot resist desiring to try. The very suffering occasioned by his first attempts is a challenge to his manly courage. Continued effort gains the reward of toleration by his outraged nervous system; but it also brings that insidious growth of desire for the poison which may wreck his bright prospects and make of him a very ordinary animal.

We are prone to speak of the Chinaman and his opium habit with scorn and contempt; but he is our superior in that he smokes his "pill" in private where he cannot be seen and aped by his son and heir.

According to Drs. E. H. Cleveland and D. T. Crowthers, in the *Medical*

Times of New York, boys who smoke are frequently subject to spasmodic twitchings of the face, and occasionally to paralysis or decided weakening of some of the muscles of the face, lips and eyes. These boys are usually pale; and blood tests show that they suffer more or less from anemia.[1]

Dr. Bruce Fink, in *School and Society*, tells us that research studies in some of the colleges have furnished evidence that smoking a cigar or two will measurably reduce the accuracy of a smoker's movements. They have noted a loss in sureness in pitching a baseball, in lunging at a target and in rifle shooting. Dr. M. V. O'Shea, in his work reported in his book *Tobacco and Mental Efficiency*, showed rather conclusively that the ordinary smoker loses from four to forty per cent in muscle steadiness. This determination was made by taking the steadiness of muscles—and nerves, indirectly—then having the individual smoke a given amount, after which the measurements were repeated. Dr. P. K. Holmes, in *The American Journal of Public Health*, states that muscular accuracy is reduced, because of unsteadiness of the body muscles, and that this has been demonstrated in rifle target practice in the army.

So many examples of tobacco's effect upon physical endurance are to be observed in our daily lives, that it seems scarcely necessary to mention this phase of the question. It is a well known fact in physiology that fatigue of the muscles, as we experience it, is in reality tiring of the nerves which supply stimulation to them. Using a muscle-nerve preparation in the laboratory, it can readily be shown that the muscle retains considerable power of response to direct electric stimulation after the nerve is too tired to longer carry stimulus to it. Thus Dr. Frederick J. Pack's interesting observation, detailed in his book, *Tobacco and Human Efficiency*, regarding the smoker's lack of stamina in long hikes really denotes a decided lowering of vital energy on the part of the nervous system. Athletic coaches the world over recognize the necessity of separating their men from cigarettes, during training and competition, if they are to succeed; and they are also becoming cognizant that to secure men whose nervous systems have never been subjected to this handicap is even more desirable.

Upon Mental Effort.

Any consideration of nicotine and the brain is, of course, inseparably tied up with the result upon human mental activity. No phase of the whole question has been so voluminously discussed and so heatedly argued as this. People who use the drug are nearly all positive it is a great help to them; and those who do not are all sure it is "bad for brain work." One curious thing, to the impartial observer, is the fact that so many thinking men have used it, then quit—often because of poor health—emphatically decry its use. Charles Lamb is a good example. After discovering what he thought was the wonderful soothing power of the drug, he wrote:

> "The Old World was sure forlorn,
> Wanting thee."

After some years of smoking, he was forced to give it up, because of its effect upon his health; and inscribed the following:

"Farewell to tobacco the
Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fogs of the mind,
Africa that brags of her foison,
Breeds no such prodigious poison,
Henbane, nightshade,
Hemlock, aconite—nay
All four cannot excel tobacco in a pernicious way."

It is said that a Persian Ambassador once presented Napoleon with a pipe of oriental design. Wishing to try its usefulness, the Emperor filled it with tobacco and "lighted up." As soon as the smoke came into contact with his larynx, he disgustedly handed the pipe to a servant with: "Take it away—my stomach turns. It is only fit for the sluggard and the sloven."

Commander Peary, Arctic explorer, was once asked if smokers were desirable as members of his polar expeditions. His

[1]Anemia means poor blood, either in red blood cells, hemoglobin or in both.

reply is characteristic of him: "I'd as soon think of taking a man who had to have a pie."

Oliver Wendell Holmes—a physician as well as a writer—says in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*:

"I do not advise you, young man, to consecrate the flower of your life to painting the bowl of a pipe, for, let me assure you, the stain of a reverie-breeding narcotic may strike deeper than you think. I have seen the green leaf of early promise grow brown before its time under such nicotian regimen, and thought the umbered meerschaum was dearly bought at the cost of a brain enfeebled and a will enslaved."

Elbert Hubbard, whose influence upon thinking Americans still spreads like waves set up from a pebble cast into the sheltered pool, frequently advised employers to shun the cigarette smoker. Most of us know to what a marked extent some few industrial giants, such as Edison and Ford are aligned with this view.

Count Leo Tolstoi unfailingly condemned tobacco, because he believed it had a degenerating effect upon the human mind.

In Dr. M. V. O'Shea's book, already alluded to, occurs a quotation from Hudson Maxim, noted inventor, who says:

"The wreath of cigarette smoke which curls about the head of the growing lad holds his brain in an iron grip which prevents it from growing and his mind from developing just as surely as the iron shoe does the foot of the Chinese girl. * * * If all boys could be made to know that with every breath of cigarette smoke they inhale inbecility and exhale manhood, that they are tapping their arteries as surely and letting their life's blood out as truly as though their veins and arteries were severed, and the cigarette is a maker of invalids, criminals and fools—not men—it ought to deter them some. The yellow finger stain is an emblem of deeper degradation and enslavement than the ball and chain."

Certainly these are only a few words from men on one side; and many noted persons who are addicted to tobacco write just as emphatically of its desirability, so far as they are personally concerned. Perhaps part of this *is* due, as one author has expressed it, to the fact that the smoker's danger begins in his failure to get a true appreciation of his own clinical picture. More of this difference of opinion, however, arises as a result of the vast variation in susceptibility of different individuals to the drug. It is a well known fact among medical men that no two living people will react in exactly the same degree to a given dose of any active drug. An amount which will produce profound alteration in one's physiological processes, may not show the slightest effect upon another, or it may evince any degree of response between the two extremes. So it is with tobacco. There are actual records of its being responsible for attacks of insanity, which never occurred after stopping its use; and there are examples of longevity in spite of inveterate smoking. Tobacco has been called "a comfort to kings as well as a solace to beggars," which sounds nice, but is not of such great importance, since so decidedly few of us could or would be kings, and certainly none of us elect to be beggars. In other words, the important thing is to know what it does to the great mass of humanity; and we can never ascertain that by focusing upon either or both extremes.

Scientific principles are usually gotten at by direct experiment. In its ordinary sense, this would mean studying the effect of tobacco upon the mental activity of one who had never used it. That kind of work, however, is not to be thought of in this particular connection; and such measurements or observations as have been carried out have necessarily been made upon individuals who were already addicted to the tobacco habit. America's youth, though, represents the race vulnerable point attacked by those whose greed can only be satiated through seeing the tobacco drug habit rapidly spread to all humanity; and in consequence of this, certain data accumulate in high schools and colleges the country over pertaining to the mental status of smokers and non-users.

Dr. M. V. O'Shea and his co-workers conducted an inquiry among one thousand high schools of the Middle West, concerning the effect of tobacco upon high school work. Of the many reports received, they selected two hundred six as being unbiased and free from prejudice. Among this

group there were only three reporting as being without any tobacco users. The rest admitted tobaccoism in from two to ninety-five per cent, of their boys. Of the great number of high school boys represented only 15.9% were above the median in school work, while 60.5% were below it. Many hundred of these boys actually contracted the habit while attending high school; and it was found that where this was the case, 68% of those doing so had shown a decline in their scholarship, with 61.9% losing in deportment. These figures are significant, because they cover such a large group; and justify some generalization as to the effects of this drug upon mental effort in young adult and adolescent boys. The decline in scholarship among this group varied from ten per cent to utter failure. Dr. O'Shea requested the principals of these schools to furnish some brief reports upon the work and behavior of their boys, before and after beginning the use of tobacco. Because of what they represent in loss of potential manhood, these reports bear a pitiful significance; and Dr. O'Shea says of them:

"One cannot go over the reports from these two hundred six schools without forming the conviction that tobacco is either directly or indirectly playing a tragic role in the high school. There is no evidence of bias or prejudice in the returns from most of these schools; at any rate the principals and faculties were aware of the danger that pre-conceived notions might distort their views, so that they were on their guard. And if they erred at all it was probably in the way of leniency in estimating the intellectual status of smokers in their schools. Some at least of the principals who made returns are personally friendly toward tobacco, so far as its use by adults is concerned. * * * In personal interviews they informed the writer that they enjoyed a cigar and believed that a moderate use of tobacco was not harmful to them mentally or physically. But they could not overlook the fact that the records of the smokers in their schools were conclusive in showing that the use of tobacco by their pupils is detrimental to intellectual effort, and in extreme cases it *paralyzes mental activity.*"

Among nine hundred fifty smokers and non-smokers in this school, Superintendent H. L. Smith of Bloomington, Indiana, studied this question and offered the following interpretations:

"1. Smokers are distinctly older than non-smokers, having failed in their work much more frequently.

"2. Smokers are doing distinctly poorer work than non-smokers.

"3. Smokers are disciplined much more frequently and for more serious offenses than non-smokers are."

Superintendent Smith also found that habitual smokers failed in twenty-nine per cent of their school work.

There seems no question that smoking is steadily increasing among youths of high school age, the country over. Some horrified consternation has been generated among parents, and even medical men, during the last two or three years, by the so-called "modern" ideas prevailing among high school boys and girls with regard to immoral practices of a more serious nature. It is not difficult to demonstrate that, in the young, smoking benumbs and destroys moral responsibility and scruples of conscience. No great stretch of imagination is therefore necessary to discern a serious connection between the two facts, as applied to the present seeming moral tendencies of our modern youth. If ever the clarion call to take heed lest the race be destroyed rang forth to an intelligent people, it should be sounding in the ears of America today!

Going into the college, we find there an extension of the high school situation, though many of the boys who take up cigarettes during high school days never reach college. A goodly number scarcely finish the former division; and scores of others naturally succumb to the mental depression resulting from their habitual narcosis.

Writing in the Kentucky *Medical Journal*, Dr. E. S. Frey of Louisville, mentions some careful observations made by Dr. Seaver, director of the Physical Laboratory at Yale University and says:

"Out of the highest scholarship men at Yale only five per cent use tobacco. Of all the men who do not get appointments, ninety per cent use tobacco."

In Mac Levy's book *The Tobacco Habit*, are given some interesting statistics, of which the following are typical:

Dr. George Lewis says that in fifty years, no tobacco user in Harvard has graduated at the head of his class, though five out of six graduates were users.

A Clark College professor says, out of two hundred one, ninety-three were users, one hundred eight were not. Of the non-smokers 68% won honors, while of the smokers only 18% won honors.

Six colleges reported upon their various football teams. In the total group, four hundred thirteen non-smokers made the teams and only one hundred ninety-two smokers. Scholastically, non-users averaged 79.8% and the users 63.1%.

Much discussion has been forthcoming as to whether tobacco stimulates the smoker's mental powers. Certainly there is no one who cares to appear ridiculous by maintaining that it aids the non-smoker to compose himself; but there are many addicts who are sure smoking helps them in their mental labors. Formerly there was no datum that seemed to refute this idea; and it was accepted, so far as the smoker was concerned. More recently, however, some interesting observations have thrown new light upon this phase, too. Dr. A. Abrahams, in the *Saint Bartholomew Hospital Journal*, London, as far back as 1913 offered the following:

> It is popularly thought that nicotine acts as a direct brain stimulant, much in the same way as coffee or tea; but a simpler explanation is offered by Sir Lauder Brunton, that the effect is simply that of stimulating the branches of the trigeminal nerve,[2] which in some way appears to increase the blood supply of the brain—an effect which can be produced by eating sweets and in other ways."

This statement is of considerable interest in that it discards the generally accepted notion that nicotine acts as a brain stimulant—which is hard to understand, when we know its total effect upon the nervous system is one of narcosis or depression. Neither is the explanation an idle one, as Sir Lauder Brunton is a British physician of some standing.[3]

The proposition is also one that may be demonstrated with little difficulty; and if we look about us we may find its truth verified among our own acquaintances. The writer has a close friend, a professional man, who keeps at hand a supply of candy, and uses it at intervals while engaged upon arduous or trying mental tasks. It seems to aid him in speeding up his efforts, just as the smoker thinks his cigar or cigarette does.

Later work of an experimental nature has been carried out by Dr. M. V. O'Shea and his co-workers, upon this very question, and detailed in his book already mentioned. They devised an apparatus which made it possible, by means of an electric coil, to heat the bowl of a pipe so that the blindfolded smoker had all the sensation of smoking, except the actual consumption of tobacco. The man giving the test smoked enough to furnish the tobacco smell; and subjects of the experiment were allowed to smoke during some periods and not during others. Drawing into the mouth of this heated air, plus the smell of some tobacco smoke in the room, aroused the same sensations as did actual smoking, since they were unable at any sitting to see the smoke they supposed they were producing. These men, all habitual users, were not aware that a control smoke was being used upon them; and none was able to detect anything lacking at any period of the tests. Unanimously, they declared their belief that they had actually smoked the same amount of tobacco at each sitting. For our purpose here, the most significant thing about it all lies in the fact that each of these smokers received his usual feeling of *Mental buoyancy composure* or *stimulation*, as the case may be, just as surely from puffing the heated air as from his tobacco smoke! In addition, all of Dr. O'Shea's subjects were college men, no doubt possessing the usual collegiate assurance and self-analysis.

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[2]The fifth cranial nerve which is the great nerve of sensation of ears, eyes, nose and mouth, as well as to the skin of the face. It is so tied up, through many complex associations, with the rest of the nerves in the head, as well as with the brain, that the indirect effects of its stimulation are too far-reaching to be as yet completely understood.

[3]In England, the term "Doctor" is not used in the American sense, and is frequently not even employed in speaking or writing of prominent medical men.

In the face of these experimental data, even though secured from a small number of individuals, one can scarcely be blamed for a strengthened doubt of tobacco's vaunted "stimulating" effect upon mental effort.

Effects Upon Women and Young Girls.

In the words of a famous surgeon, "Woman is a saparate being from man; and you cannot judge her by her grosser mate." This is another way of saying that the physical, mental and spiritual organization of woman is, in the main, far more delicate and sensitive than that of man. Especially is this true of her nervous system. And more particularly is it apparent in the functioning of the sympathetic division of her nervous system—that part which governs processes not presided over by the will or consciousness. God has endowed her with many attributes not understandable by man; and has given her a more finely attuned spirit, capable of sure and unwavering intuition. He has imparted to her soul that added divine spark which lends to every woman, no matter how plain of feature or form, the peculiar charm of femininity. For many centuries, in the highest civilization, she has been placed upon a throne and enshrined queen over all that was worthy in man's heart. The good woman's look, thought and word have fired man to aspire great and worthy things. Weak or misdirected ones have tobogganed individuals and even nations into sorrow and suffering.

An instrument, such as a galvanometer for detecting weak electric movements, or a balance for weighing minute particles of matter, must necessarily be finely constructed; and the very delicacy of its function precludes any ruggedness of structure. So is it with woman's nervous mechanism. Its very sensitiveness impels her to unreasoning excess in her activities and enthusiasms. If she be unfavorable to a practice, except as a mother, she has no understanding of the motive or weakness that could lead another into its power. But once started upon it herself, she recognizes no limitation in its pursuit. The woman who takes up smoking is doubly affected by it, first because of the sensitiveness of her body to its influence, and second by her lack of moderation.

Aside from an intensification of all the results produced by tobacco upon man, the girl or woman who uses it becomes the victim of certain other effects, which are more important to her than she knows. Dr. Kellogg, in his work *Tobaccoism*, states:

"The increase of the cigarette habit among young women bodes ill for the future of the race. The report comes from Paris, where smoking has been indulged in by women longer and to a greater extent than in other civilized countries, that strong evidence has appeared that the effect of cigarette smoking is to unsex young women by producing premature degeneration of the sex glands. One evidence of this is the development of the feminine mustache, which is becoming noticeably more frequent among young women smokers of Paris."

It is a common observation that women who have used tobacco for long show a decided coarsening of feature, a roughening of voice and marked increase of hair upon the face. As the years advance, such women lose some fineness of soul that entitled them to serene supremacy in their men's hearts. It can only be natural that any man with a spark of the Divine yet left in him should abhor the destined effects of tobacco upon sweetheart, wife or sister. When a woman resigns herself to the tobacco habit she forswears her birthright of feminine beauty of soul and of feature. When to be called beautiful is the major delight of every born woman, could anything strike more surely at the desire of her heart?

Nor is this loss of beauty the most grave effect of tobacco upon the female organism. Note what Dr. Lorand has to say:

"The habit of smoking acts even more injuriously upon the delicate organisms of young girls than it does on boys; and yet, unfortunately, one may now observe this harmful habit gaining ground. * * * Smoking by young women and even by young girls must be considered from a far different standpoint than smoking by men, for not only is the female organism by virtue of its much more frail structure and its more delicate tissues much less able to resist the poisonous action of tobacco than that of man; and thus, like many a delicate flower, apt to fade and wither

more quickly in consequence, but the fecundity[4] of woman is greatly impaired by it, as tobacco exerts a very pernicious influence on the various ductless glands, including the thyroid and sex glands. In view of the large number of men lost in the late fearful war, the authorities cannot be expected to look on unmoved, while a generation of sterile women, rendered incapable of fulfiling their sublime function of motherhood, is being produced on account of the immoderate smoking of foolish young girls."

Smoking not only destroys a woman's ability to attain motherhood, but it also robs her of the desire to fulfil this most sacred purpose of her existence. From Dr. Harvey Kellogg, again we read:

"But in addition to contributing to infant mortality there is ground for the belief that the smoke habit among women must tend to lower the birth rate. The same disposition that would lead a woman to cultivate the tobacco habit would naturally lead her to avoid the perils, responsibilities and inconveniences of motherhood. The birth rate of "smart set" mothers is the very lowest of all classes. Perhaps this fact is a gain to society rather than a loss, so far as this particular class is concerned; but if all mothers should become smokers, what would be the effect upon the future of the race?"

Nor is this ominous feeling limited to those who actually write upon the subject. One of the most prominent physicians in the world in his line recently said, in speaking before a medical gathering:

"It is a sad day for the race, when our future mothers take to the use of tobacco, for they thereby doom unborn generations to physical and mental degeneracy."

The past decade has brought a revolution in ideas of woman's place in the economic phases of life. And it must be admitted that she has proved herself equal, or superior, to man, in many of the fields she has invaded. However, with her natural ignoring of moderation, she would also extend this equality of sexes to partaking of his vices, maintaining that it is no worse for a woman than for a man to do it. In politics and in industry woman's influence has been welcome; but, should she forsake her idealized pedestal and descend to man's level in those things that increase his ungodliness, she will forfeit more than she knows. Man realizes, in his heart, that his mate lives upon a higher plane than his own, and unconsciously worships her in it, which is as it should be. Allow her to come down from this, and the psychology will naturally be altered. He will soon regard her as an equal. From being the goddess of his heart she will become the partner of his weakness. Descended from her sublime station, she will be shorn of her power to inspire higher thoughts and desires; and will *become* his equal. Womankind as a whole will never falter in the pathway Divine wisdom laid for it; but many individuals are failing to see it, in their blind desire to reign in a new and impossible role.

The greatly intensified effects of tobaccoism upon the delicate organism of woman can bring naught but degeneracy and unhappiness. Forfeiting, by her own foolish presumption, man's admiration—which she so constantly seeks—she will bring upon herself misery and discontent, physical and mental.

Effects Upon the Non-User.

As has already been stated, this humble treatise is not a product of any inclination to preach; but rather of an earnest desire to set forth simply such truth as is available upon a question most important in human health. Carelessness has been said to be the characteristic sin of Americans; and while a great many smokers are most courteous and considerate of others in their smoking, there are many who have no shadow of regard for hardships imposed upon those about them. That this is of some importance is unquestionable, when one looks deeper than the surface; and the problem of tobaccoism assumes some consequence in its relation to the non-user as well as to the enslaved one. Dr. Richard Hogner, in *American Medicine*, records:

" * * * also a case where the sister (a clerk) was for years a wreck, suffering from first the father's smoking and after his death, the brother's, in the home. * * * The father smoked a pipe, and during this time she was not so much affected as after

[4]Ability to conceive and bear children.

his death when the brother began to smoke at home, 'cigarette after cigarette.' Be it enough said that for years she was sent from home to hospital, always improving after some weeks at the hospital, soon to be sick as ever when she returned home. * * * Really she was suffering from chronic tobacco poisoning.

"Since then so many cases of tobacco poisoning without personal use have come under my attention that it seems a duty to mention this wholesale tobacco poisoning of innocent victims, mostly women and children.

" * * * How quickly children and wives 'pick up' when they, rid of the father's or somebody's else tobacco smoke, go to the country. It is attributed to the fresh country air. May be! But add: 'free from tobacco smoke.' "

This question is not one to be passed lightly over. No one doubts for a minute the untoward effects of nicotine upon the young, in both animals and plants; and it is more than possible that many a sickly child, in the household of a father who unreservedly saturates his home with tobacco smoke, is delicate because of this and nothing else. The extent to which some of these individuals will go, in their disregard for those about them is almost beyond belief. Usually it seems to be a matter of unthinking ignorance, and not of determination. The writer recently remarked a well-fed person traveling in a small, closed automobile, with a young infant and its pale, thin mother. All windows of the vehicle were tightly shut; and this individual, who undoubtedly regarded himself as quite "some man," was industriously further thickening the already blue atmosphere from a fat cigar! Almost beyond belief; and yet he appeared utterly unconscious of any sin. He probably loves his family and believes he is as good to them as any man could be.

Young infants of smoking mothers have been observed to show symptoms of tobacco poisoning; and it is certain that they not only get it from the mother's milk—when she has any to feed them at the breast—but they also absorb it from the tobacco-tainted air of the homes to which they have been entrusted. Fathers who smoke should certainly never indulge in it within the walls of their own domicile, unless provided with a room for that purpose, and into which infants and small children of the household are not permitted to come. No real father is so low that he would knowingly deny the unvoiced plea of his offspring for robust health; but ignorance, the most dangerous of all human frailties, may betray him into doing so.

Adults not given to the use of nicotine, frequently suffer of carbon-monoxide headache, as a result of association in close rooms with smoking comrades and coworkers. The modern convention, whether it be of bankers, stockmen or physicians, has come to be a veritable smoking orgy; and those who attend do so at the expense of their possible discomfort and temporary mental stupefaction. However, there are some reasons for hoping that smoking will be restricted to somewhat of its rightful place, so far as public gatherings are concerned. It is said that smoking is no longer permitted in the United States Senate Chambers; and the largest medical school in America has banned the smoker's indulgence from its classrooms.

The economic side of tobaccoism, too, is a phase worthy of our attention; but its magnitude and ramifications make it a fit subject for a whole paper, and tend to preclude its disucssion from this brief summary of tobacco's effect upon health. Dr. Frederick J. Pack, in his book, *Tobacco and Human Efficiency*, offers some interesting facts upon this part of the question.

Many details of nicotine's action upon the human body are still clothed in mystery, chiefly because of the difficulty besetting experimental study of them. However there is abundant evidence of its unhealthfulness and undesirability to condemn it to the average person. Attempts to legislate against the habit have regularly brought forth wild cries, from the smokers, about interference with "personal liberty." Their ill-considered use of the term under such circumstances excites wonder as to how one may really pursue personal liberty in deliberately signing one's mind and body over into slavery. For tobaccoism *is* a slavery, paid for with the reddest blood and the most precious vigor of soul which a human being may fall heir to.

Provo, Utah.

The Spirit of Christmas

By Irvin L. Warnock

It all started one morning two weeks before Christmas. Chick Bowers pushed back his chair, assumed his favorite oratorical attitude and addressed the group about the breakfast table. "Gentlemen," he began, "an important, yea, a momentous question confronts the K. T. Infant Fraternity. In fact an adamant question is demanding plausible if not immediate solution."

"Gentlemen, the question stands, What is the Spirit of Christmas? We are divided by opinions various and sundry. What makes Christmas different from every other holiday? Why the universal appeal? What element or ingredient exalts the Christmas tide? An insignificant majority contend it is the psychology of love augmented by the spirit of giving."

"I say Christmas is Christmas because of the fun of receiving," broke in Dan. Smiles of disapproval passed among the boys, all except Homer Williams, who gave the speaker a slap on the shoulder, saying, "Atta boy."

"Christmas wouldn't be much fun without Santa Claus," weakly piped Jimmy. A roar of laughter followed.

Chick resumed, "Gentlemen, K. T. traditions make it imperative that a thorough analysis be made. After the holidays we could, no doubt, perform a *post mortem* examination, but this being the tenth day of December this said Spirit of Christmas is a vigorous youngster, with increasing strength and vitality each moment until the day of December 25."

"And this being the hour of eight a. m., I motion the discussion be postponed until after dinner," suggested practical, red-haired Billy Murphy.

"One point before we disperse," put in Chick. "Those who believe in Santa Claus may write their little letters tonight and I shall help them hang their stockings on Christmas Eve." And he waved an elegant gesture toward the three freshmen opposite. Another roar went up.

Ten pairs of feet scuffed the floor. Ten chairs squeaked their protest. Nine neatly folded napkins rested serenely beside as many plates. One crumpled white heap on the floor marked the chair of Dan Multree. Dan was that way, thoughtless, ill-trained. Ten boys grabbed hats and books and the K. T. secret fraternity was once more absorbed in the myriad duties of the ordinary school day.

These ten boys, finding themselves thrown together by fate in the form of a boarding house, wisely or otherwise, banded themselves into a brotherhood. "A pure democracy," Chick called it, "where we older and more intelligent fellows may regulate somewhat the actions of the greenies, that we be not swamped in mortification." Their only secret was their name. K. T. was all anyone outside ever heard. Mrs. Wright, the landlady, slyly suggested perhaps it stood for Kitchen Thieves. But the boys merely smiled.

At the usual hour that night they sauntered into the study. One or two immediately buried themselves in text books. Dan Multree dived into the over-stuffed rocker and lost himself in its depths. Extracting two letters from an inside pocket he leisurely opened one; a business-looking letter in a plain envelope, and glanced at the few scrawled lines. Then his eye swept the accompanying check and lingered at the right edge, where the sum was designated. A scowl darkened his face. His lips pressed together and protruded. After a minute a freakish smile played at the corners of his mouth and twisted the thin lip line. Slowly he nodded his head.

"The Spirit of Christmas," announced Chick, abruptly, "having agitated the intellects of this august and erudite assemblage, now comes forward for elucidation. Gentlemen, what is your pleasure?"

"Come down to earth," popped in Jimmy. "Shades of Noah! Can't you

talk American? I have never learned but one language."

Chick's face clouded momentarily, but his genial smile soon chased the clouds off. "I condescend, little boy, by the cat's paws. Will some of you guys please extend a handle whereby we may grasp the breakfast talk of this morning. Do you get the drift now, Jimmy Green?" A friendly laugh followed.

"The Good Book says 'tis better to give than to receive; perhaps that is what makes Yuletide so different," suggested Billy Murphy.

"Righto," shouted Phil, eyes sparkling. "Ask McClintock. After their walloping Friday they should stoutly confirm the Good Book. Thirteen to four—wow-ee-e—I'll say it's better to give than to receive." And he vehemently thumped the gleaming red letter on the breast of his immaculate white sweater.

Dan squirmed in the depths of his luxury. "It's all according to what you are giving and what you are receiving."

"And *who* is doing it," finished Jimmy, with fitting emphasis and a significant glance.

"Oh, yes. Of course, that makes *some* difference," Dan retorted, without losing his equanimity.

Dan's selfishness was beginning to rasp on the finer natures of his companions. They could not refrain, at times, from giving quips that would have penetrated a less self-centered consciousness. He had been a thorn under the thumb nail of Chick Bowers since the term began. Chick whirled on him now with sudden violence. "See here, Dan, you're spoiling. What makes you take that attitude? You wouldn't be happy if everyone gave to you without you giving in return. All receiving and no giving would soon fall, even with you. Christmas must be misery and miserly to anyone who thinks only of receiving. It's the altruism of Christmas that endears it. The beautiful custom of making gifts, prototyped by the supreme gift of God at Bethlehem. Humanity hungers for unselfish devotees at the shrine of service."

"Oh, cut the sob stuff, Chick!" said Dan, with a shrug of resentment.

"But what makes you cling to that unfriendly position," Chick persisted.

"It's modern, Chick. Right up to date. Your ideas are antiquated. They became obsolete when Rockefeller invested in oil. Get—get—*get*, that's America. Acquire, build, push. Get while the getting is good—and d———n the cost. Moderns know only the eleventh commandment; Get what you want, but *get* it."

"Then you think that America has discarded the Golden Rule, Dan? That the three wise men at the stable in Bethlehem were fools. That their gifts to the infant Christ were folderol?" Chick faced Dan squarely, an intense fire in his eyes and an unquestionable earnestness in his voice. "Dan, do you honestly believe that the Spirit of Christmas is dying?"

"Oh, maybe not as steep as that. But it lacks the ring of genuineness. There's much that isn't apparent on the surface. We're not a nation of philanthropists, you know, Chick."

The boys were all listening attentively now. The discussion had taken the aspect of a dialogue. Chick, big of body, big of mind, and big of heart, was easily the favorite, yet not drawing on his assets. He felt no need of reserves, either. Always he met the moment's exigency with cool control and stored his surplus personality in the bank of friendship.

From the practical mind of Billy Murphy came another suggestion. "Fellows, isn't it possible that the compromise between the two extremes is the true Christmas Spirit? What I mean is this, the joy of giving is enhanced by the anticipation of receiving?"

"That's just it," shouted Dan, "only more of it. Christmas gifts would be as scarce as ice in the Sahara if the donors did not expect in return just as much, or a little more, than they gave. I've seen it."

Again Chick took up the defense. "My view of the ideal Christmas gift is that it be given without sordidness. Also it should fit the character of the recipient and the measure of esteem that prompted it."

"One other point," added Dan.

"What?"

"It should fit the purse of the donor." Dan won a point, as the smiles testified.

Mrs. Wright stood in the door, smiling. Friendly, congenial smiles, quite unlike the proverbially parsimonious landlady.

"Welcome, Mother Wright!" shouted several voices in unison.

"No serious trouble, though!" reassured Chick, blandly, offering his chair.

"Thanks, boys. And I didn't come anticipating trouble, Chick, neither to pacify it. It just isn't needed, among my boys." And she gave him a smile of approval, the smile they all worshiped. "I came to ask about the holidays. How many are going home for Christmas? I want to do some planning. You see, if you are all going to leave, Marvin will see that the pipes and furnace are kept from freezing and Daddy Wright will take Margie and me out to the old homestead to spend Christmas with the married children—and the babies. Oh, we'd love to go. Haven't had any kiddies around for four years now, and Christmas doesn't seem natural without the little tots. Frank and Emily are coming this year, too." Her enthusiasm was contagious, but she hesitated, smothered a wistful sigh, and added, "But I mustn't influence any of you by my childish anticipations."

"I'm going." "And I." "And I." "And I." It echoed around the group until it came back to the big rocker where Dan Multree slumped. Dan never moved.

A razor-edged silence persisted for a full minute. All eyes were riveted on the figure half hidden among the bulging leather cushions. All knew that Dan had heard the words of Mrs. Wright and all knew that she felt in duty bound to forego her plans should any of them remain over the holidays. Chick broke the silence by asking calmly, "How about it, Dan? We've all answered but you."

A smile woke on the lips of Mrs. Wright but died suddenly as Dan answered, deliberately, without turning. "I'm going to stay."

Something akin to a swear word welled up in the throat of Chick Bowers, but it perished between his teeth. A cold tenseness gripped the other boys, and Mrs. Wright hastily turned to the door she had just entered. "Wait, Mother Wright," called Chick, then turned to Dan. There was no trace of anger in his face or voice, instead a deep solicitude edged his words. "Dan," he said, quietly, "I want to get this thing straight. If it's the price of the fare you lack, I'll loan it to you until you get back."

"Oh, no. I just received a pittance from the Governor," tapping his pocket.

"Then why aren't you going?"

"Excuse me, old top, but can't a fellow stick around his boarding place without starting a squabble?"

"But it isn't fair,—just now."

"I'm paying my way, Chick." Dan spoke with a note of finality.

Chick followed Mrs. Wright to the kitchen. He promised to take care of Dan, assuring her that Dan would undoubtedly go to Metropolis even if he would not go home. If Marvin was going to stay and care for the furnace and keep the house from freezing there was really no reason for remaining. Couldn't Dan get his meals in town? And as for bed—well, it wouldn't hurt, just for ten days. By dint or argument and many reassurances Chick persuaded her to consummate her plans for spending the Yuletide at the old homestead. Why not Marvin and Dan keep bachelor's hall?

Marvin was studying art, with a capital A. He tended the furnace in the big Wright house for the privilege of occupying the cot in the furnace room, and using the empty corner as studio. He paid tuition fees by doing janitor work, washed dishes at the cafeteria for his staff of life and daubed water colors on Movie Display Pictures, a slouchy job he loathed, for the filthy lucre that kept him clothed, and paid for paints and books.

The K. T. exclusive fraternity held its last session on Wednesday night before Christmas. Two of the boys caught the 10 p. m. interurban and were home in a few hours. Six others straggled out the

next morning. Chick used every subtle argument at his command to induce the Wrights to go. Finally he told them he was going to ask Dan to go home with him. An ugly mood had been growing on Dan for more than a week, in fact, since the night he and Chick had argued the Spirit of Christmas. All the while the others were absorbed in the joyful preparations for the home visits, Dan became silent and taciturn. Snatches of song, spilled out in glee, drove him further within himself. The banter at meal times widened the abyss between himself and the others. He narrowed his conversation to replies when spoken to. Even these were barely within the boundary of civility. Chick noticed, or thought he did, a particular restraint when he approached any group where Dan was. This troubled him, as he wondered if he had over-stepped in trying to make Dan realize his selfishness. He did not want to antagonize Dan.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright, with their daughter Margie, drove away in the big car early Friday morning. Having waved a hearty farewell to them, Chick took the steps to the house in a bound, and barely missed bumping into Dan at the door, evidently waiting for him. The two boys faced each other; neither spoke for the fraction of a second. Chick was surprised and wondering. Dan was slightly agitated and a mocking grin twisted the line between his lips. He spoke with the slightest hint of sneer. "Well, guardian angel, what is your game?"

"Game? Why? What are you driving at?"

"Oh, nothing, sweet innocence. But, I was just curious to know why you gave up your vacation plans to remain at my side. We've never played Damon and Pythias before, you know. I'm not sure that spending Christmas together would strengthen our bond of affection. We don't always jibe on our ideas of celebrating, you see."

"That is so, Dan. But can't a fellow decide to hang around his boarding house over the holidays without starting a squabble?" Dan received the thrust as a slap in the face. Hot blood surged to his temples and his chin twitched just a little as he retorted. "I'm telling you, Chick, if you are sacrificing yourself for my pleasure, your sentimentality is distinctly *not* appreciated. I'm spending Christmas Eve after my own fashion. Any shadowing or interference will not alone be offensive but might brew trouble."

"I beg your pardon, old man," said Chick, placing a friendly hand on the other's shoulder. "No offense intended, I assure you." Dan shrugged his shoulder away. "I've been wanting to ask you, Dan, if you would accept an invitation to come home with me. Mother is a wonderful cook, and Dad,—well Dad is just the best pal ever. Will you come, old top?"

"No."

"We could catch that nine o'clock creeper and be out there by two this afternoon."

"No."

"Mother always bakes Christmas cake at Thanksgiving time and Dad is the best hand in the state at roasting baby pigs. There will be home-made cider, too." Chick's face brightened as he pictured the feast. "Come, old fellow, forget our grievances, and let's hit the home trail, together."

"No," snapped Dan. "If I wanted a home celebration I would have been there by now. But to go where there is a bunch of kids—no, thanks. Squalling babies,—hub-bub,—litters of toys to stumble over,—deafening horn and drums,—clang, clang and more noise,—baugh!" He shrugged his shoulders and vanished up the stairs.

Chick gazed after him. "Something wrong inside," he mused. "nothing exterior will ever affect him. Must come from the inside out."

Mid-afternoon came and Dan had not stirred from his room, although Chick could hear footsteps and occasionally catch the sound of whistling. Answering the telephone Chick heard a feminine voice ask for Mr. Multree. He moved to the foot of the stairway and called Dan. The half of the conversation he heard was, "Hello! Yes—You don't say.—Well,

get someone else.—Curses, why so late? —Oh, all right.—Great, great!—Yes. Sure. Just two?—I'll say he will.—I love it.—Don't worry, I'll be ready—ta-ta."

Dan's feelings, as shown outwardly, were quite changed from what they were several hours before when Chick faced him in the door-way. Now he seemed bubbling over with happiness; the care-free happiness that borders on recklessness. Chick noticed and marvelled at the change.

To-night Marvin felt a mingled thrill of exaltation and depression, as he washed his smoky hands in the laundry tub, in the basement. His cot in the corner of the furnace room served as chair as he worked at the improvised easel on the edge of the little table. But tonight he was going to work. Surely on Christmas Eve he need not paint. And besides he must distribute his gifts. These were dainty cards he had decorated in colored landscapes. Not much, to be sure, but had he not daubed two dozen Movie Displays for the money to buy stock and then spent hours in decorating? His exaltation came from having put his soul into his tiny gifts. His depression arose in fear that his tokens might not please. But the subtle spirit of Christmas gave wings to his feet and melody to his voice as he passed under the big French window where Dan sat, half interestedly reading a magazine. Marvin's voice trailed off down the street. Dan glanced at his watch, shuffled his position and returned to his book.

Three quarters of an hour later Marvin returned, approaching the front door. Simultaneously Chick Bowers came from the opposite direction. "Hello, Marvin," he called, cheerfully, "Come in. Deliciously crisp out tonight, isn't it?"

"Thanks, Mr. Bowers," returned Marvin, following inside. "I'm playing Santa Claus. These cards are all I could afford." He handed one to Chick. "And here is one for you Mr. Multree. I'll just leave these others here for the rest of the boys when they come back."

"Beautiful, Marvin, exquisite," exclaimed Chick. "And hand painting, I'll declare. Marvin, that's artistic. You'll make the race, boy, you've got the goods." As Chick examined the delicately traced card, extolling its consummate design, the face of the young artist beamed in delight. His mat of brown hair tossed, his quiet. blue eyes sparkled and a touch of color shone through the transparency of his cheeks. A morsel of praise was more than bread.

Dan glanced carelessly at his gift and tossed it to the table, "Thanks, kid," he said, "it will be handy as a book-mark."

The light died from Marvin's eyes but the color froze in his cheeks. Chick saw the hurt and his two big hands clinched. His eyes traveled to Dan's placid face, but before he could speak Dan jumped up, fretfully. "It isn't my custom to give Christmas presents, Marvin; so I hope you won't expect a silk handkerchief, or an etching outfit in return for your card."

Marvin choked and reeled. Chick glowered at Dan, then placed an arm around the shoulders of the artist and guided him toward the basement steps, saying something about wanting to see more of his work.

Dan, left alone, smiled a sickly, sardonic smile, studied his watch and paced twice across the room. He stopped abruptly, listened impatiently, then muttered, "Why don't they come, it's ten o'clock already."

Shortly a footstep resounded on the cement porch. Dan's face brightened. Not waiting for the bell he sprang to the door and wrenched it open, switching the outside light as he did so. A gust of bitter cold air struck his face, but it was the sight of a ragged, shivering urchin that swept him back in astonishment.

The child raised big, sober, wistful eyes and asked, between chattering teeth, "P-please, M-M-Mister, is Sa-Sa-Santa Claus here? I b-been lookin' ever wh-where."

Dan's first impulse was to say, no, and close the door. Then an absurd desire to laugh struck him. But he did not laugh. The simple faith and earnestness of the child arrested him. Instead of laughing he said "No, kid, there isn't any Santa Cl——." He did not finish the word.

Into the upturned face of the child came the tragedy of shattered hope, and Dan recognized it. The two great glistening tears that coursed down the little cheeks were the first that had ever touched his heart, but he felt that these were melting into his soul. Nothing can be more potent than baby tears in fusing human hearts.

"Come in, Sonny, and warm up while I tell you what became of Santa Claus."

Dan snatched a cushion from a chair and spread it over the low radiator beneath the French window, then deposited his small visitor a-top. Taking the cold, blue hands between his own he pressed and warmed them. The child was scantily but neatly dressed, a mat of golden hair matching the fair face and blue eyes. Dan guessed his age at five or six.

The child's astonished eyes wandered over the room several times but each time returned to gaze into Dan's face. Each time they came back, Dan felt discomfited. Why, he did not know, unless it was that they seemed to be looking beyound his face, into his mind; yes, beyond that, right down into his very soul. Dan thought he had never seen such big, transparent, trusting, thoughtful eyes. Desperately he wondered how he was to meet the inevitable. Could he dis-illusion this child on the Santa Claus hoax? He was quite unfortified when the boy suddenly laughed a musical little laugh and threw himself into his arms with the question, "Will you please be my Daddy? An' take me to Santa Claus' house? Will you, Mister, please?"

Dan found himself kneeling beside the radiator with the tiny form crushing his shirt front, two little hands playing havoc with his tie and collar. But for once in his life Dan Multree was not thinking of himself. The piping voice was babbling close to his ear. "Momie says if I had a Daddy then old Santa Claus would come. But I ain't ever had a Daddy an' I ain't ever seen Santa. But last year he left some stockings fer me and a little doll fer Betty over to Mrs. Higgs's. An' tonight I told Betty I wuz goin' t' find Santa's house an' tell him how good we been. You'll take me, won't you, Mister, 'cause Betty wants some dishes jist awful an' she's been jist awful good."

Dan was speechless. Utterance failing, he merely held the throbbing little body closer, blankly staring at the cream curtains and drawn blinds of the window, but they seemed misty and distant. He felt glad they were alone. A new, unknown sensation pulsed somewhere inside him and warmed its way to the surface while a determination formed within his mind.

"Where do you live? Sonny?" Finally words came.

"Down on K Street, jist across the street this way from the fire house," answered the boy, pointing.

"And what is your name?"

"Otto. Otto Mullin."

"Well, Otto boy, let me tell you something. Santa Claus is awfully busy tonight; there are so many little boys and girls to see—so he may be late getting around to your house, but he'll come, Otto, I'm sure he'll ——."

"There he is now," screamed the youngster, wild with delight, "Just like the pictures. Oh-h goody, goody!"

Dumfounded, Dan whirled around, and sure enough, standing in the hall door stood Santa Claus, with Marvin just behind. It would be hard to tell which face showed the greatest astonishment, Marvin's, Dan's, the child's, or that of Santa Claus.

Collecting his scattered senses Dan joined the glee of the youngster, while Santa Claus began desperately to look for his toy sack. Marvin snatched a china doll from the mantle and thrust it into the hand of the bewildered Santa. The situation was saved. The doll was presented to Otto with all due ceremony with profuse promises of a later visit and toys for Betty, then Dan placed him again a-top the raditor and followed Santa to the hall.

"Well done, Watson, very well done," whispered Santa to Marvin as Dan closed the door behind them.

Say fellows, are you game for a real live Christmas party?" asked Dan, eagerly. His enthusiasm was like fire in a box

factory. "He lives down on K, and has a widowed mother and baby sister. They've been 'awful good' in hopes Santa Claus would find them this year. The poor kid's tramped half the town over trying to find him. We can do it, can't we?"

"I'll say," cried Chick, his big heart swelling up into his throat.

"Sh-sh-sh," warned Marvin, tingling with excitement. "Not too loud."

"But where did you come by the togs?" asked Dan.

"Some I planned to use at home," answered Chick, "But not being there Marvin and I were just stepping out for high adventure."

"Well, you didn't have to step far," said Dan. "I'll take the kid home and be waiting for you. Just across south from the K Street fire station. And here, take these." Dan pushed three crackling green bills into Chick's hand. "I insist, Chick. This is my party. There will be some shops open yet. I intended spending more than that tonight, anyhow." It was Dan's first thought, since the urchin came in, about his original plans. An impatient haste seized him; a frenzied desire to be off. Hastily bundling the child into a big, red, jumbo sweater, buttoned full length, he fairly tossed him up against his shoulder as he rushed for the door.

From the porch he called back, "Oh, Chick, if anyone calls for me just tell them I've got an engagement with the Spirit of Christmas."

Before he reached the end of the block he heard the big car stop in front of the Wright house and the noisy group of thoughtless revellers shriek his name. Dodging around the corner he pressed the boy closer to his breast, murmuring in the tiny ear, "There will be one lacking in their carousal tonight, thanks to you, my Babe of Bethlehem."

The hour past midnight found the three boys re-entering the boarding house. A radiance of joy shone from each countenance. Dan's face was really brilliant, for an exuberance of happiness filled his heart.

"Fellows," he cried, having removed over coats, "I never believed that youngsters could be made so happy. Wasn't it classic? They certainly got under my hide. Mercy though, you should have seen the poor mother when Otto said he had found a Daddy! Really, her confusion was quite beautiful. That's what I call fun." Suddenly his face sobered. "You see, boys, being the only child in our family, which means being pampered and spoiled, I have really never seen a bona-fide Christmas before. Not like this one, I mean."

"I've been thinking all the night," said Marvin, "That we were the three wise men of modern times."

"Rather the three wise boys," corrected Chick.

"I'm not so strong on the wisdom part," added Dan, "But I'll vouch for one much *wiser* boy. The Know Thyself Infant Fraternity has one member ready to do post-graduate work."

"Silent night, Holy night!
All is calm, all is right,
Round yon virgin mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild;
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace."

Like a clarion came the tender notes through the crisp, clear night, a golden tenor leading the melody. "Carolers," whispered Marvin, intensely thrilled. Dan sat immovable, every fiber of his being tingling with the delicate harmony of the singers. He experienced an entirely new and strange sensation. Chills quivered up and down his spine and his temples throbbed. Speechless, they listened till the last silvery notes trailed into silence.

Dan moved, leaned forward, placed a hand over his forehead and blinked as if just waking from a dream. "Marvin," he said, "I owe you an apology for my rudeness. Can you forgive my ill-manners?" Then he extended a hand to Chick. "You win, old chap. I concede the Spirit of Christmas is virile and unsoiled, prompted by the noblest impulse inherent in man.—And by the way, if that invitation is still open perhaps we can catch that 4:30 train. I'll be glad to sample your mother's Christmas dinner."

Sigurd, Utah.

The Spirit of Love

By D. C. Retsloff

Ten-year-old Mary Eleanor was happy. Christmas was just twenty days away. There were so many wonderful things to do, so many secrets to share with mother, grandmother and Aunt Alice.

Mother was helping her make needle cases for grandmother and Aunt Alice. Every half hour was delightful for her as she sat in mother's room and they sewed together. What fun it was, putting the work away, if they heard grandmother or Aunt Alice calling from the flat above where they lived.

Two afternoons a week Mary Eleanor went up to grandmother's flat and worked on a luncheon set for mother. The yard square cloth of white crepe was blanket-stitched on each side with blue floss, and there were blue for-get-me-nots in two of the corners. Making the pongee silk handkerchief for Uncle Harvey was harder than the work on the luncheon cloth. Sometimes Mary Eleanor was almost discouraged over the handkerchief, but Aunt Alice was always close beside to cheer her up.

She had saved her pennies for almost a year, and she had four dollars to spend in the shops. Aunt Alice was so nice to go shopping with, she was interested in books, in games, she thought it was lots of fun to make and stuff the stamped animals and dolls that the fancy work counters displayed, and the cutters to make animal cookies pleased her almost as much as they did Mary Eleanor.

Three days before Christmas father brought home the grandest tree: it was straight and tall and fitted perfectly in the alcove between the parlor fireplace and the book case.

The happiest hour of all was when Aunt Mary arrived from Boston, in time to help trim the tree. It took two afternoons, and no one was allowed in the parlor except Aunt Mary and Mary Eleanor.

"My, what a lot of things Santa Claus is bringing this year," said Aunt Mary as she opened the door and took several parcels from the hands of Aunt Alice.

"Yes," replied Mary Eleanor, nodding her yellowish head, "When I was a little girl I thought that Santa Claus was a real man, that he lived up at the North Pole and drove reindeer. Now I know that father, mother, you, I, each one is a Santa Claus to some one we love. If we love people we want to give them things."

"Of course, we do," Aunt Mary agreed, as she stood a fat, bulky parcel up beside the trunk of the tree. "You know God so loved the world that he gave to it the Baby Jesus, years and years ago in the little town of Bethlehem. The wise men carried gifts to the Baby to make him happy and comfortable. During all the years since, people have been wanting to make children happy so they give them presents. Sometimes they do not want the children to know where the things come from, so they say they are from Santa Claus; I think the spirit of Christmas is a wonderful thing."

"Mother says the spirit of Christmas means love," Mary Eleanor said.

"Yes, it does, and the greatest love one person can express for another is the giving of something that one values very highly. You see God gave his Only Begotten Son."

Mary Eleanor wrinkled her forehead, "It means lots of love when we give something we want ourselves, don't it?"

"Yes, I think it does," Aunt Mary replied.

On Christmas eve after supper was over, the folding doors into the parlor were opened; the electric button pushed and the stately tree flashed forth a thing of beauty, with its dozens of red and green electric lights.

The "ah's!" and "oh'!" were many, as

uncles, aunts, father, mother and grandmother took the seats Mary Eleanor had arranged for them.

Uncle Harvey had been selected to help unload the tree. As he read off the names, he handed the parcels to Mary Eleanor and she took them to their respective owners.

"Why, is this for me?" Father asked as he opened a box of cross-word puzzles.

Mary Eleanor laughed, "Yes, Daddy, you see when you are not using it, I can loan it to little cripple Jim Brown. He has had so much fun with my box of sliced animals."

"A good idea," father nodded soberly.

"Look at my book!" Grandmother held up a gay, red volume entitled, *The Girls at Sunnyside Farm.*

"I got it on purpose for you to read to Kitty Sanders, grandma," Mary Eleanor explained. "You know you've read all my books to her and I know she's never heard this one. The cover feels good, too; I almost believe her fingers can tell her the color of it."

"I'm sure we will enjoy it together," Grandmother said softly, as she wiped her glasses.

Aunt Mary's parcel came next. Mary Eleanor stood waiting with a look of great expectancy on her round face.

"Animal cookie cutters!" Aunt Mary exclaimed. "How cute!"

Mary Eleanor clapped her hands, "That's just what Aunt Alice said when we found them in the ten-cent store. I'm so glad you like them, Aunt Mary. Next summer when I come to visit you, we will make animal cookies for the laundress' little lame boy."

"That's a splendid idea." Aunt Mary re-wrapped the cutters and a queer little smile deepened the dimple in her plump cheeks.

Mary Eleanor's gift to Aunt Alice was a set of cloth dolls known as "The Jones Family." They were all ready to cut, sew and stuff with cotton.

"I knew you'd love to have them," Mary Eleanor smiled happily, "because, Aunt Alice, you see they will be so nice for the Hafferty twins to play with while their mother sweeps and dusts for you."

Mary Eleanor looked around, her father was laughing, but of course he had found something funny in his box of cross-word puzzles.

After she had gone to bed the grown-ups lingered in the festive room discussing the events of the evening.

"What queer things she gave us," said father.

"I'm terribly disappointed in her," said mother. "A child of ten should have some idea of selecting suitable gifts."

Aunt Mary turned toward them! There was a misty shine in her blue eyes. "Listen," she began. "We all showered the child with expensive gifts. Pearl beads, a gold chain, a set ring, a silk dress, a vanity case, a fur coat. Not one of us gave her anything she can share with another. She is the only one among us who has truly displayed the spirit of Christmas. She gave us things that her own little heart told her would help us make others happy, and that truly is the spirit of Christmas."

San Diego, Calif.

Forgiveness

Last night the old home oped its arms for me
As if I had been all a child should be;
As if my deeds had not brought pain,
The old arms opened for me again;
And snug I nestled in its love
Oh, shall my sins not be forgiven above!
The head I silvered bends in tender care,
Master, will you, too, forgive me there?

Gertie Gibbs

Caddie Takes a Risk

By Ida Stewart Peay

It was cold even in the enclosed back landing where the women were congregated; outside the chilly winds of December moaned dismally.

"I intend to move at once," pronounced thin-lipped Mrs. Vane of the lower west apartment. There was a baneful finality in her tone which sent a shiver through at least one of her hearers. "I shan't be imposed upon in any such way." Her brown eyes snapped her indigation as maintaining her prideful posture she pressed an intruding wrinkle from her spotless house dress and smoothed the black mass of her straight bob vigorously.

"I shall move, also; I think it's just too bad," said young Mrs. Tolman of the down-stair, east apartment. She seemed very much annoyed, too, though her lips were full of curving and the joy in her eyes was undimned. A morning negligee of blue silk brought out the gold in her fluffy hair; its scant material revealed her girlish slimness. She had been engaged in polishing her finger nails when called out to the back landing, now, with the ivory buffer still in her hand, she gave her nails a stroke or two at intervals. "What are you going to do Caddie?" she said.

Thus addressed the third member of this impromptu conference gave a start. It was she who had shivered at Mrs. Vane's dictum; it had plunged her into a mood of perplexed speculation. Caddie occupied the east side of the upper floor; she was just Caddie, Caddie V, to everybody. Her lips were a soft lavender-pink; they easily widened into a smile and when they did a spontaneous, gleeful twinkle appeared in her blue eyes which was both intimate and understanding. Her youthful chuckle, always infectious, belied her greying hair. She never seemed to be aware of her appearance; it was as if after dressing her ample body cleanly and comfortably in the morning she set out upon her day's affairs in the spirit entirely forgetful of the material part of herself. It left her free to think of others, to plan for them, to figure out the spiritual values of life's episodes. "I—I hardly know," she hesitated in answer to her neighbor's query, slightly confused and sober—for her. The irrepressible smile that twitched at her lavender lips was not allowed to appear. Her neighbors were in no mood for the non-sensical and playfully satirical reply that flashed into her mind along with her alarm—which was to the effect that she would repair at once to the Ritz-Carlton. Aloud she finished: "Mother will be upset, no doubt."

"My husband will simply leave home," shrugged Mrs. Vane tightening her lips and giving each word an especial emphasis; "and Elva and Gale will be scandalized."

"Jack won't stand it for a moment, that I know," echoed Mrs. Tolman.

"Such a ragamuffin outfit! And a regular army, too—"

"Sh—, here they come, now," from Caddie.

The three women were instantly dumb; they moved apart guiltily. Each fumbled in her mind to produce a common place remark which uttered loudly might take the embarrassing inference out of their sudden silence. Mrs. Vane was the first to get hold of her wits.

"Miz Tolman, do you mind if I set this sack of cans on your side of the path for today while I'm cleaning—it's so in the way here by my door?" she asked in a voluminous voice.

"Why, certainly not; it won't bother me in the least—not at all," the young Mrs. Tolman took her cue like a footlights veteran and said her line slowly, resonantly while she and the other protestor, and Caddie V watched the new tenants file up the back stairs—the loaf of bread and half-filled paper sacks the tenants were carrying indicating that they had been to the corner grocery.

The man went first shuffling uneasily,

his head lowered, his hat pulled down, a heavy scowl on his face. He was a thin sort of a person in an ill fitting, soiled, cheap suit. Behind him trailed four children in the order of their size. There was a boy perhaps ten years of age who had defiant blue eyes and curly blond hair; he slouched alone unconsciously imitating his father. His shoes were much too worn and much too damp to encourage a purposeful step, but there was a twitch of disdainful pride in his shoulders as he passed the firing squad of women ranged at the back door; he resented evidently their only half-camouflaged survey. Next to him came a girl probably eight years old, closely followed by one not more than six; both were pinched and grim-looking, blue with cold, and not dressed anywhere near in keeping with the weather. They dropped their dark heads under the inspection of their neighbors as their father had done. Lagging behind was a baby boy who had scarcely touched his fourth mile stone. Like his brother he was fair; there was the same hint of high spirit in his wide open eyes. An undried tear clung to his cheek upon which the pink of babyhood vied with the blue of cold. His smooth lips surprised in a cry of discomfort remained apart in an absent-minded pout as only half won from his little troubles he glimpsed the vexed women and with the others sensed their disapproval. When his short legs had achieved painfully the last step of the staircase he flung back a reproachful glance before the small procession, vanished around the railing of the upper landing.

"Ye gods, they grade up like steps! Doesn't look like there was a year between them," moaned the outraged Mrs. Vane.

"It's just an awful pity," sighed Mrs. Tolman.

"They looked starved and frozen, too," said Carrie V. with a worry wrinkle between her brows; "I wonder if they have a fire up there? I haven't seen any extra wood or coal come; I'd better slip up and offer to lend them some."

"But where is the woman?" Mrs. Vane asked. "She seemed to be the whole show when she got them settled here last night. Oh, dear, so important! She'd probably never been in an apartment house nearly so nice as this but she was trying to pretend she had. Their effects were a battered old trunk and a roll of ragged bedding."

"I don't see why our landlord had to fix up a one-room apartment; he might know only scum would take one room," grumbled Mrs. Tolman mildly.

"It's a large room," suggested Caddie V. a trifle fidgety, apprehension in her usually merry eyes.

"But why didn't he leave it a trap-room as it was?" Mrs. Vane protested. "We need it for odds and ends. Whoever heard of a man and a woman and four children occupying one room!"

"I suppose it has been done in a pinch," giggled Caddie V., trying to throw some lightness into the discussion.

No one could resist Caddie V's. little hints of humor; Mrs. Vane was forced to smile half heartedly. "Of course, in the slums, but I mean among civilized folks."

"I suppose the landlord thought he had to have something more coming in," suggested Mrs. Tolman with a harmless sneer on her pretty mouth.

"He'll have enough 'coming in'—and trapesing up those stairs, now, I'd imagine," slurred Mrs. Vane laughing a little with the other women at her pun. "I hope he happens along and sees them 'coming in' some day. They'll do more damage than the rent will pay for. It would serve him right if they broke through the stairs—foisting them on us in this way."

"He didn't put them in—guess I'll have to 'fess up'—it was I," Caddied V. snickered infectiously, the twinkle was in her eyes; "take it out on me," she rounded her shoulders so comically her neighbors began to laugh. They lunged toward her in pretended anger while she slyly dodged. "You see, it was this way," Caddie affected her habitually jocular manner but she stammered a little; "when—when the woman came last night she said she had arranged with Mr. Lander to take the house and was to pay me; when I called

him up this morning he said she hadn't seen him. I told him she'd paid a month in advance, so he said for me to let her stay."

"The old Shylock to inflict us for that paltry ten dollars! Well, he can't put anything over on me—why, people will think this is a slum district;" it was Mrs. Vane speaking; "when Jim comes off his run we'll move."

"And I'll tell Jack this very night," vowed Mrs. Tolman.

"Let's you and I go house hunting tomorrow," Mrs. Vane suggested to Mrs. Tolman.

"All right," Mrs. Tolman agreed. "What time?"

"About three-thirty."

"You won't move until after Christmas. will you? It's less than a week," remonstrated Caddie V.

"You bet your life I'll move," Mrs. Vane was inelegantly vehement. "I wouldn't spend Christmas here for worlds —it would be spoiled! If Lander doesn't put them out tomorrow, out I go."

"That's my baby waking," cried Mrs. Tolman speeding away as she heard the sleepy wail of a rousing child.

"I must run, too, my bread is in the oven, and maybe burning," said Mrs. Vane likewise vanishing into her apartment.

Caddie V. put her hand over her chin as she always did when disturbed and slowly climbed the stairs. There was ample reason for her perturbation. Her conscience pricked her because she had not told her neighbors the whole truth about the entrance of this disturbing element into Rose Terrace. Bah; she was not under oath—she consoled herself; only fools tell everything they know. Besides, how could anyone make a woman like Mrs. Vane understand. That an emotion of compassion could intoxicate a person to the point of taking unwarranted privileges could never be made clear to Mrs. Vane. Indeed, if Caddie had revealed the telephone conversation she had with the landlord in its entirety, she reflected, her case would have been lost on the start. As it was she harbored a wild hope that something would happen to help her. She wanted more than anything to shelter these bedraggled wayfarers at least until after Christmas. She had a little fight in her, she bragged to herself. Wasn't she a Lee? But, of course, orders were orders. The landlord had been explicit. If the worst came to the worst the wanderers must go. Shrugging her shoulders, Caddie threw the matter figuratively upon the lap of the gods. She would take no steps at present; she hadn't the heart to do so. "There is a destiny that shapes our ends—" she quoted philosophically to herself and went about her business providing wood and coal to warm the new tenants.

"Thought maybe you'd like to borrow some fuel until your's comes," she said, sticking her head in at the trap-room door and grinning in neighborly familiarity as she deposited two buckets full on the floor; "we've plenty and your's may be late coming." She closed the door quickly, not willing to notice the uncleanliness that already pervaded the room she had only yesterday surreptiously cleaned and furnished.

Yes, swiftly, twenty-four hours earlier, when the woman had appealed to her for "even a tiny spot in the attic" Caddie had thought of the trap-room, had figured to herself that she could spare her sanitary couch and some chairs, had remembered that there was a discarded, rusty cook stove, a set of shelves, and a rickety bedstead in the basement, and had said in sheer pity: "We might be able to house you for a time."

Encouraged no doubt by the kindly lines about Caddie's mouth the woman had confided that she was "clear desperate;" that she had tried every place advertised for rent in the city and could not get in anywhere on account of the children and her inability to pay more than ten dollars; that her children—four of them—were waiting in the railroad station even now. "If we could only stay until after Christmas—" she had pleaded. Hence while her neighbors were shopping Caddie had quietly, but fearfully cleaned and furnished the room and let the stragglers in. She had expected to be able to explain to the other tenants—to work upon their

sympathies, perhaps; but, alas, Mrs. Vane's wrath and indignation had dried the fount of Caddie's mentally planned eloquence before it had started to flow. And now Caddie (as she termed herself) was flabbergasted.

Four days elapsed; the status quo of Rose Terrace remained unchanged. The small, but rather pretentious clinker brick apartment house gave no sign on its brightly painted ornate front of the outward onslaught of December's blizzards or of the inward attack on its respectability. Neither Mrs. Vane nor Mrs. Tolman had moved. The family ensconced in the one room apartment on the west side of the upper floor was still toiling up and down the stairs at all times of the day and night.

Caddie's mother was becoming more fretful each hour declaring that she would not much longer endure the racket. Mrs. Vane had spluttered, fumed, raged, used every expletive of anger and disgust she could recall and then repeated herself until the uselessness of it all had set her lips in a thin line leaving her speechless with impotence—a travesty on the lovely quality of forbearance. Mrs. Tolman had echoed the storm with her usual amity and forced vehemence. And all the while Caddie V. had tremblingly waited—like Mecawber—for something favorable to her scheme to turn up.

The reason Mrs. Vane had not shaken the snow of Rose Terrace from her feet was that Mr. Vane had taken over a four-day run of a fellow railroader who was ill. Mrs. Tolman's lover-husband—as the luck of the intruders upstairs would have it—was sent away to open a new territory for his firm. The landlord was out of town, also, no doubt for the sole purpose of evading his tenants; he must have guessed that Caddie's scheme for housing some of the mid-winter riff-raff, and incidentally adding to his coffers, would not be acceptable to them. Then to multiply coincidences the mother of the unwelcome brood of the upper floor (for whom Mrs. Vane had saved the bulk of her wrath, slyly presuming that she could force the woman out by a strong current of contempt) had not been seen since the night she dumped her piccaninnies on the unappreciative neighborhood.

Sunday, however, everything was propitious for a climax. Mr. Vane and Mr. Tolman were in their respective apartments, the landlord had ventured to be "at home," and the vanished lady had been seen late the night before mounting the stairs to her percarious shelter.

Also, during the latter part of the four-day typhoon a mystery had developed around the invaders, which had proved a slight solace. The last two nights the man from upstairs had been heard leaving the house at three o'clock in the morning; and Mrs. Vane who had been the fortunate detective had actually seen him return at the early hour of four.

"I'll bet they're bootleggers; if they are that rogue shall not escape me, I'll lie awake all night but that I'll catch him," Mrs. Vane told her tardy protector the moment he returned.

Late Sunday afternoon the two families from down stairs went up to Caddie V's. cozy living room; they surprised and chilled Caddie to the heart with their first words.

"Well, we've come to say good-bye; we're going in the morning," Mrs. Vane said with great satisfaction. "There are two empty apartments in the 'Venice' which we can get. Mrs. Tolman and I have had enough of *this!*"

Caddie V. began to flutter inwardly. Dear, dear, the evil hour had arrived! Nothing had saved her—nothing would. "The landlord will put them out as soon as he finds that you have gone," she protested hardly knowing what she was saying and not wishing to say that at all.

"It will serve them all right—Lander and those imposters, too," scored Mrs. Vane.

"It's so near to Christmas—it's so terribly cold—the snow is so deep," deplored Caddie V., breathlessly trying to think.

"It's no bother for us to move; we keep in readiness—every thing is furnished in the Venice, you know. We'll just call a van for our trunks and a taxi for ourselves," declared determined Mrs. Vane.

Caddie turned inquiring eyes to Mr. Vane.

"Anything that pleases the Mrs. is O. K. with me," he grinned unconcernedly.

Up until that moment Caddie had not despaired but now all hope receded, after all she would have to put these wandering children out in the street. Her unsatisfied mother-heart yearned over the little creatures. Time and again the baby had brushed against her skirt, unconsciously courting a caress and she had patted his blond head tenderly; the older boy had followed her with wistful, hungry eyes; the little girls had lingered near her as long as they dared whenever she had spoken to them; she had seen something lovable in each one. How could she drive them out two days before Christmas? To be sure the house did not belong to her, and orders were orders. When she told the landlord what she had done he had said: "Put them out at once if the down stairs tenants are dissatisfied; can't have those two apartments vacant in the middle of the winter." Caddie knew that she must now confess her duplicity and tell the Vanes and Tolmans they need not go. She opened her mouth to speak but just then the door to the trap-room, which was next to Caddie's, was suddenly opened and the party in Caddie's room could not help hearing what went on in there for the moment or two in which alarm and some indefinite sense of ill-being held them speechless.

"Hello," a woman's voice exclaimed, sharply.

The man growled; the children all began talking at once. "Mama, what'd you —Mama, say Mama, whan—." Finally the woman's voice rose above the general murmur.

"Don't make so much noise. Can't you remember what a time I had gettin' a place for you to stay? I had to lie to get in here; nobody wants a bunch of kids. Now be still or they'll put you out. Mary, what are you crying about?" Mary's reply was too low to be heard; the woman's voice continued: "Hungry! Good land. Hen, ain't these kids had no supper? It seems like all I hear when I get home is that they're hungry. Every mouthful I eat up there pritty near sticks in my throat when I think of these younguns down here. —I brought a few cakes—here kids."

There was a suppressed sound of pleasure, "Um, um."

"Don't I git none?" This in a grumbling tone from the man.

"I only brought four."

"Dad had un," the baby protested whiningly.

"Dry up."

"What does he mean?"

"He's a bawl-baby."

"Did you git a cake and not give the baby one?" The woman seemed deeply shocked and sorrowful.

The baby began to tell something in a loud voice.

"Dry up, will you?"

"Hen, you let that kid be; he's only a baby. Ain't you got no patience? My God! I wonder if there was ever any kids that has it as bad as mine? A man ain't got no business taking care of kids—he ain't got no patience."

"They're the meanest little imps," the man grumbled.

"They ain't neither; they're good kids," defensively.

"Yes, Mary's a good one, ain't she? She is allus tellin' somethin'."

"She ain't neither; she only said she was hungry. What did you give 'em for supper?"

"They each had a hunk of bread—all they was. How fur do you think a dollar and a half goes?"

"Course, I had to pay the rent, this week, and that dollar and a half was every cent I had left. Then I bet you went and bought your old coffee out of that. What these kids need is milk."

"Milk! Can't drink milk; it's like drinkin' gold; gotta get coal out of next week's pay; can't borry of this lady forever."

"Gee, I'll be glad when you get work again."

"You know they ain't nothin' for a day laborer this time of year—and I ain't well yet, neither. They ain't a heart in nobody these days. Everybody's stuffed up

to their palates till they ain't got no pity; they'd see kids starve before they'd lift a hand."

"No, folks ain't that bad, Hen. People is pretty good hearted when they know how things are. But who wants to go around asking charity? I don't. Well, we're wastin' time. I better clean this room up a little—gotta be back 'fore seven. But if you'll come for me again at twelve—they'll be home then—I'll come back and finish Sadie's dress. You'll have to take me back at two, tonight, I ain't been gettin' enough sleep—it's a good thing my room's in the basement."

"Are you comin' home for Christmas?" one of the children piped.

"Dear, no; I gotta cook a big dinner up there. Can't git here 'fore six—don't know what you poor kids 'll do."

The children began to sniffle and cry. "We ain't never had no Christmas."

At this point there was stir in Caddie's room. "I've heard enough," Jack Tolman said suddenly and at his words all present realized that they had been listening to other people's affairs. They all looked shame-faced.

"I suppose if we move—" began Mrs. Vane, evidently very much subdued—we'd add to their troubles."

"Multiply them," Caddie's twinkle came through a mist.

"Where's our toddler?" Jack Tolman asked of his wife with a tender note of solicitude.

"Elva and Gale have him."

"Yes, and I suppose the girls will have dinner ready, too," Mr. Vane observed, his face thoughtful.

None of them spoke of the pathetic drama they had just overheard. The down stairs tenants hurried away. Caddie V. was left to guess at their reaction. She decided not to speak but she waited in a fever of anxiety.

The next day no moving vans appeared. Caddie soon began to feel the Christmas spirit instead. And what a beautiful spirit developed! Everyone seemed to be cherishing a zestful little secret. All of the occupants of Rose Terrace had planned to spend for themselves and their friends every cent of their pay checks, yet they found a way to admit the famous guest of the great Day of Giving.

Jack Tolman was the first to tiptoe up to Caddie's door. "My, I sure 'blowed' myself," he told Caddie in a chuckling whisper; "got 'em a turkey—that's what I used to long for when I was a kid. You're such a marvelous cook, Caddie, I thought maybe you'd roast it and present it; I wouldn't know how." He went away all smiles.

Then pretty Mrs. Tolman came pussy-footing up. She had squeezed enough from her budget to buy a tin whistle and a top for the baby, and a jack knife for Harry. "You know," she said in a gurgling undertone, "that boy, with his blue eyes and curly hair reminds me of Jack, and I'll bet he'll make something of himself like Jack has. Don't you think he will?" She was all kindness.

Mrs. Vane went in for mittens. She was quite breathless in her pleasure. "I got 'em at a bargain—taking the four pair—they're real wool. And, mercy, I don't know what those children need worse than mittens," she emphasized happily to Caddie for she, too, had brought her Christmas offering for the hapless family up to Caddie's door.

The Vane girls dressed two of their old dolls. "We're thrilled to tears," they giggled under their breath, when they slipped their dolls up stairs to their neighbor. "Don't they look simply darling?" both asked proudly, exhibiting their handiwork.

Even Mr. Vane mounted the stairs. There was a pleased sparkle in his eyes. "I've interested the civic center people," he explained softly, "and they're going to send coal and groceries tonight. I have another scheme on foot for them, too, if it develops as I am planning—tell you about it later."

Caddie V. cooked all day. She made dough-nuts and raisin bread and mince pie until the upper floor smelled like a bakery shop. She even managed to get her mother excited to the point of a benevolent gesture. "Here, mother, can't you run these stockings up by hand for

me?" She cried in a flutter of gaity as she produced some bright red and green mosquito-bar cut into four pairs of stockings. "You see, I'm going to fill them up with candy and nuts and oranges and hang them up in their room. Won't that be Christmasie?" Caddie was deliciously thrilled, she had done this same thing a thousand times in her mind for the little ones of her own who had never materialized; it seemed just about as good to do it now for some "of these."

"Yes, it will, Caddie, and I'll make the stockings for you. But, my, it will bring our grocery bill up out of sight."

"Oh, we'll pinch or something else; I'll give up my cocoa"—it was Caddie's one extravagance—"and I'll make the broom last until February," she pacified with her merry twinkle.

Christmas day every one in the Terrace went up to the one-time trap-room to see how the "unfortunates" were enjoying the great occasion. The way those children were stuffing candy and nuts and doughnuts, and carrying around turkey bones was both comical and touching to witness. The girls hugged their dolls, the baby tooted his horn, the big boy whittled in smiling content. Rose Terrace was vibrant. Mrs. Vane was particularly happy and volluble.

"Hasn't it been the loveliest Christmas?" she gushed to Caddie. "And you know Gail and Elva have a lot a dresses we can make over for those little girls during the holidays."

Caddie smiled. Mrs. Vane was evidently not planning to leave.

Towards evening the mother being expected everyone assembled to wish her Merry Christmas. When she came and saw everything she smiled and laughed delightfully, of course, but the tears trickled down her cheeks in a stream.

"Oh, ain't this grand for my poor kids," she kept saying. Once she said to her husband, "You see, Hen, it's like I told you, people's hearts is good when they know how things are."

The climax came for this little family —for good fortune like its opposite never comes single—when Mr. Vane rushed up stairs late that night to say that a friend of his had a small farm near town without a tenant; there was not much work to do this time of year—stock and poultry to feed, a few cows to milk—Mr. Vane's friend, therefore, could pay only a small salary but there was everything to eat on the place, milk, cream, eggs, flour, cured meat, pitted vegetables; would this man like to take the place?

The man said he would, quickly enough, grinning for the first time since he arrived and offering the information that he was brought up on a farm and liked no place better.

"I'm so pleased," the woman confided to Caddie, crying a little for joy; "Hen ain't a bad feller; he's good. He's only acted this way since he's been out of work, and hungry all the time, and had to take care of the kids—a man ain't got no business takin' care of kids; men ain't got no patience.

"An' I won't never forget you nor this Christmas if I live a thousand years," she went on; "it's been a really Merry Christmas," and the look she gave Caddie opened the door to the kingdom—the kingdom of pure joy—to that kindly mother-heart.

Provo, Utah

Gleams of Hope

Dawn, like the sun, dispells the sad gloom
Displaying the morn, and scenting its bloom!
Never a night but follows a day—
Never a tear that won't brush away!
Always a heart to cheer you and fight—
Crowning with peace Love's joyous flight!

Weston N Nordgran

Child-Mother Mary

Child-Mother Mary, when your hour had come,
And in your arms you held the Infant Son
Who had been sent
To change the vision of man's earth-dimmed eyes,
And pierce the gloom of Judah's darkened skies,
With light that should grow brighter through the years;
Above the joy and wonderment of this,
In that first hour, did you know aught but bliss
Of just your mothering?

Child-Mother Mary, how you must have kissed,
(E'en as would I,)
The warm, soft, dimpled fists of Him,
And fondled and caressed His wee, pink feet,
As willing mothers do!
Methinks, naught but a Babe divinely sweet,
Was He, the Manger-cradled, unto you!

And when, led by the gleam of Bethlehem's Star,
The Magi came to you from lands afar,
To worship Him;
Their offerings of treasure to unfold—
Gifts of Myrrh and frankincense and gold—
Rare votives for a shrine,
Did your mind dwell then, even as has mine,
Upon a gift of more intrinsic worth—
A soul brought forth through miracle of birth?

Child-Mother Mary, though your heart was riven,
In after years, when 'pon the Cross was nailed
Your Babe, to manhood grown, to whom was given
The power to suffer meekly when assailed
By mocking fools;
When Golgotha's Tragedy was ended
For Him, your Son,
And He at length unto the Heavens ascended
The lash, for you, became a budding rod,
For lo! you were the Mother of a God!

Provo, Utah. GRACE INGLES FROST

Larry Larson, Specialist

By Albert R. Lyman

THE clerk showed him into a back room of the store where the manager scowled at him from under a green eye-shade and a mat of tousled hair, "Your account ain't good for another dollar," he growled, without waiting to hear what was wanted, and looking as if he might bound out of that swivel chair with doubled fist.

"Well, couldn't you give me something to do?" Larson faltered timidly, "We're clear down to the bedrock—'bout to lose the home," he gulped and hesitated, "I'm ready to do anything."

"That's just it," snarled Manager Tompkins, more petulant than ever, "Anything! You can do one thing about as well as another, but you can't do anything up to snuff. We have to kick these men-of-all-work out of the way every day—we can have them anytime at our own price. They get mighty little when they get anything, but they're generally busy in the ranks of their own army—The Unemployed. Nothing doing! This is a day of specialists."

With new despair Larson turned back for the street, "I neglected to say," Tompkins yelled after him with biting fury, "your account's due in five days, and we expect prompt settlement."

Five days—and it would be just six days till Dixon and Turner would take the little home and lot, allowing him nothing for the payments which had covered half the original price. And the shelves of the little pantry were bare, the flour-bin almost empty! The vision of it haunted him. He knew the children had been hungry two days, and he knew Christeena had done a neighbor's washing along with her own, trying to keep it a secret from him.

Something had to be done—desperation tugged at his heart-strings. He looked down at his shabby suit with chilling consciousness that Christeena's and the little girls' were worse—they could not be seen outside the gate. With clenched jaw and firm resolution, he stalked into the office of Harmon and Brown.

"No, sir," protested Mr. Brown, impatient at being disturbed, "this work of collecting calls for special preparation; it simply can't be done by just anybody," and turning boldly back to his pen and his ledger he left Larson to go or stand there gazing, and he made his way to the street feeling like a dog kicked off a door-step.

This made fifteen places to which he had applied in vain, and he could think of just two more possibilities. In J. M. Wade's carpenter shop it took just one quick glance at the work, and one quicker word from the old sorehead who bossed the job, to convince him the place called for a man made to order. The whirr of a gasoline band-saw mocked at him as he stumbled back to the side-walk.

At the gristmill old Jones, dusty and disagreeable, appeared from a stairway and gripped his long beard just long enough to guess what was wanted. "We'll have no greenhorn a ruining this machinery," he squeaked, in his cracked old voice, and disappeared through a doorway.

The world looked darker still from those gristmill steps as Larson descended. Anyway, he could milk cows, and with Peterson's big herd in the edge of town, he could at least report special ability for something.

"Nothing so primitive here," blurted young Peterson, superiorly, having just assumed the management, "that's done by electric milkers. My kid brother has specialized in that line, and he oversees it."

A sick feeling welled up in Larry's heart as he turned without a ghost of encouragement from that nineteenth prospect. The specialist had gobbled everything! Moping dejectedly along, he saw a big pile of wood in a yard. "Well, after all, I am a specialist at chopping wood," he half sobbed to himself, with humiliating sense of worthlessness, "I've chopped it and stacked it up by the cord."

"No," whined Mrs. Wilson, in the nagging tone employed for her whimpering children, "I don't want this yard all cluttered up with chips and trash. Jim Kelly specializes in this wood-cutting with his gasoline saw, and he gets the job."

With the cries and protests of the loving young Wilsons growing fainter behind him, he turned with heavy foot, and heavier heart towards home. Christeena met him at the door, and she understood all about it before he said a word. If she had seen him through the window, she would have known it that much sooner. And the little girls knew it: they all saw it in his face and figure,— the blight of it went through the little home, adding darkness to the gloom. On the wondrous wireless, over which souls communicate without speech, the whole dismal story had gone to them. From him they had already got the scowl and the growl of old Tompkins, the impatience of Brown, the snarl of Wade's shop boss, and the stings and cuts of twenty heartless refusals.

Sinking into a chair he leaned dejectedly forward, his face in his hands. The little girls came quietly near to him and began

to cry. "What will become of us?" moaned Christeena, leaning on the back of the rickety old rocker.

He raised his head to meet her gaze despairingly. In every line of her lovely face, and in her blue eyes, he saw perfect love and devotion and faith in his clean life. If he mourned, she mourned; if he rejoiced, she rejoiced. Whatever his emotion, she caught it by the splendid instinct of her love and nourished it as her own. He knew she had no better dress than that faded, patched gown she wore; and he knew the dear little girls, with staring, inquiring sympathy all over their faces, wore their best, their only covering.

From his seat there in the kitchen he could see enough of the pantry to know it was empty as his own stomach, and all round him he saw sad traces of want. The front room and the bedroom showed the pinch of poverty, and his yards and buildings outside told a story of neglect—neglect born of despair. Six weeks without work, and no prospect of anything in sight.

When they retired he lay thinking with a prayer to God for light; ten o'clock, eleven, twelve,—the faithful timepiece tolled off the hour. No sleep, but a panorama of twenty refusals, the loss of everything, beggary. Specialists! The unemployed! The clock struck one, and still he paced the wide and dreary field of his reflections and found nothing on which to hang his hopes.

The children slept. He knew by their heavy breathing they were at rest, but he fancied Christeena had gone on a pilgrimage similar to his own, and he resolved not to betray his own unrest.

Then from the jungle of this world of thought, where faces and figures of the past day peered out at him like menacing ghosts, a shape began to appear with unmistakable promise. When the clock struck two, he knew beyond doubt that from the terrible gloom something had really taken form, had enlightened him to turn the whole fierce tide of his adversity. All lingering possibilities of sleep departed while he built and planned and refreshed himself in visions of glorious achievement.

With the first gray light he arose and began a general clean-up of his yards and buildings, getting rubbish ready to remove or to burn, and correcting and soothing the distressed complexion of the premises. In every turn it gave him pleasure, for now he had a plan —he smiled broadly to himself as he contemplated the richness of it.

Christeena came out in surprise, "Why I thought you wouldn't do a tap to make this place any better for Dixon and Turner since they're going to take it away from us," she began in the discouraged tone of the previous evening.

"Dixon and Turner won't turn us out. Honey," he assured her, relying on the invincible plan for which he still smiled with rising assurance.

"Why Larry," she interrupted, every line of her face relaxing as she looked in his eyes. "What is it? Tell me what you've found," she pleaded in a glad ecstasy of expectation.

"I can't tell you just now, Steenie," he answered, reassuringly, the glad light of hope still in his eyes and all over his face, "but our affairs are to change for the better."

"Oh, I'll try to find something for breakfast, and clean up the house," she bubbled, new music in her voice, and new spring in her motion as she ran up the steps. From the kitchen he heard her humming an old love song, and a little later she roused the children. "Oh, come and get up," she called, with a charm in her voice which she knew would bring them out like magic to see what had happened. "It's a beautiful morning," she told them, "the birds are singing out there in the trees, and Papa's fixing up the place to look like the bishop's place."

Sure enough, here came the little girls down the steps in their night-gowns, looking and listening for the glad features of a new world. But first they must make sure their Papa was to be in it. and coming straight to him they looked up in his face.

"Oh, Papa!" cried Elsie in keen delight, for he was really a part of the new world, maybe the biggest part of it, "isn't it nice this morning?"

"It's sure nice," affirmed Lauritz Larson with a big smile. He stooped to kiss the little girls, drawing them to him while he rested a minute, and he observed how sweet and happy is the world of little folks, if no one brings an unnatural cloud into it.

After breakfast, making himself as presentable as possible, he kissed Christeena and the children, and leaving the bright reflex of his expectant smile on their faces, he headed straight for the office of Harmon and Brown. Through the window he saw old Harmon at the desk, his face like the sky before a storm. When he straightened up from his work and peered over his glasses, he still wore the storm-cloud expression, but suddenly it changed, as if the sun had broken through, "Oh, is that you, Larry?" he demanded in pleasant surprise. "You seem to feel mighty good about something."

"I admit it," Larson agreed, beaming as if about to relate that he had found a gold mine, and old Harmon's mouth dropped in eager anticipation. "But in spite of that," Larry added, taking full account of the old man's expectancy, "I'd like to do some collecting for you on commission."

"Collect?" queried the old man, scratching his head absently, "What's the other thing you was about to tell me?"

"That'll be more appropriate to tell when I bring in the cash you're wanting," Larry suggested, still appearing almost too full of the pleasant secret to keep it in. "What do you say?"

Plainly the rift in the clouds was unusual, such a glad break in the monotony of the old man's dismal life, he had no tendency to refuse. "The job's yours," he cackled, making smile-wrinkles across the old frown-furrows in his face, and revealing some long teeth, "But I've sure got to hear that story. Be here at ten and the list and terms will be ready."

With the broad smile of his assurance almost rippling away on the air, he resolved to see Manager Tompkins. To that same back room a clerk conducted him, and the same scowl appeared under the green shade and the tousled hair. But the scowl softened, the eyes opened in surprise. "What the—" staggered old Tompkins, smiling against his intentions, though Larson had simply beamed down on him with big kindness and not a word. "I was afraid you wouldn't come back—I wanted to apologize as soon as you went out."

"'Sall right, no apology called for," Larry declared, still holding to the thing the manager wanted to know.

"But a— what's the—"

"I can't tell it just now," Larson asserted, the light of it still radiating from his face," but it leaves me feeling appreciative of the friends who trusted me while I was up against it, and I want to give them first chance at my trade."

His reference to those who had trusted him, brought a blush to the manager's face. "See here, Larry, he pleaded, "I'd be delighted to have you go in there and get whatever you want, and take your own time to pay for it. Oh, I can see you're not under necessity as you were yesterday," he urged, noting in Larson's face the certain light of some splendid assurance, "but if you'll do it, I'll feel better."

"Well, I didn't intend to do it in just that way," Larry ventured, scratching his head, "but if that's what you really want, I'll do it."

"Good," declared the manager with relief, "and whenever you feel like it, I'd be delighted to hear what has happened. And say," he brightened with a sudden memory, "you wanted to work for us," and then darkening, "but I guess you won't do that now."

"I would like to work here with you folks," Larson declared, in tones of appreciation, "but I am to be engaged with other things."

At nine o'clock, with an armful of parcels, Larry met Christeena at the door. "Oh, I expected to have more of this done before you came," she half apologized, reflecting again the bright assurance of his face, and over her shoulder he saw the house had already undergone a great change in appearance.

"Well, since I have to go back, I'll not do it, and you may still get it done before I come," he said, kissing her, and dropping the

bundles in her apron. "I have work waiting for me, and may not be back till evening."

"Oh, Larry," she gasped, her joy shining through big tears in her blue eyes, "do tell me about it—how did it happen?"

But Larry smiled and kissed her again. "Have a good supper ready for us," and turning with big strides he made for the office of Harmon and Brown.

When old Harmon handed out the papers, his look still pleading for the story back of Larson's smile, there appeared on the list, among others, Wade's carpenter shop, Hyrum Jones, the miller; Junior Peterson of the dairy, and Mrs. Jake Wilson. The new collector decided to visit these first.

Wade's boss, black with tar but blacker with chronic ill temper, crawled out from the oily machinery of a band-saw as pleasant as a starving grizzly. "Wha' ja want?" he growled, still glaring at some disorder in the coggs, but when the answer failed to come as he expected, he threw his glance threateningly up to the visitor's face, "Oh—that you, Larson?" he stammered, apologetically, with something resembling a smile visible through the tar and scowls, "I —er—let's see, do you want to work for us?"

"Well, I would have liked to work with you fellows," he affirmed, beaming all over with the glad assurance that he had something a thousand times better, "but I ran into something else."

"What is it?" the boss asked, dropping his wrench and straightening up like a boy expecting to be told where to find a litter of new puppies.

"I may tell you sometime," the new collector answered, fairly itching with the charm of it, "but for the present I am here on quite different business."

The sight of the bill, a large one, was the very thing, ordinarily, to stand the grizzly bear on his haunches in defiance of everybody, but looking from it to Larson's face, he had to reflect Larson's smile, just as you have to register prevailing heat or cold whether you want to or not.

"'Sall right," he chuckled, rather contrary to some hateful resolve, "'san honest debt, 'n I'll pay it right now, seein' it's you askin' for it, but it's a good thing for ol' Harmon and Brown they didn't come theirselves."

"But say—" he pursued in an undertone, two minutes later, handing over the check, and looking the new collector in the eye, "what the dickens has struck you, anyway?"

"You'll probably hear about it," and Larry smiled all the more, "but for the present I'm much obliged for this prompt settlement—I'll remember it in your favor."

When old Hyrum Jones appeared like a ghost on the stairs, Larson caught his eye in time to forestall any wrong start, "What's

the good news?" piped the old man, brightening. "Look like you might just fallen heir to a fortune."

"Maybe I have," the new collector admitted, seeming to roll his rich secret under his tongue, "but just now it's my misfortune to present you this bill."

Jones scrutinized it carefully, debating whether to pay or delay. Looking up at Larry's face he smiled involuntarily. "I'd sure like to know what's come to ye," he squeaked, stroking his dusty beard. Getting no answer, he looked again at the bill, "Does it matter to you personally whether I pay this now or later?"

"If you pay now, it will confirm my judgment, for I have you rated with safe and prompt settlement."

With the check in his pocket he went straight from the mill to Peterson's dairy, and found Junior bossing a clean-up of the stables. At first the young dairyman waxed very superior, but getting a straight look into Larson's eyes, he paused in the middle of a high-flown statement of business, "You're just kidding me," he protested, blushing that this pretended job-hunter should lead him on to crow, "you've got something up your sleeve, really—I guess I misunderstood you—say, you didn't fall heir to this mortgage?" and Junior turned pale with the thought.

"Not exactly," smiled the new collector, looking as if he had become heir to something even better, "and I'm not kidding you at all. I'm glad to hear you are so prosperous, not only because you deserve it, but it will enable you to settle with Harmon and Brown, whom I am representing.

With good-natured evasions of the thing Peterson wanted very much to discuss, he departed with the check, leaving the young dairyman trying to guess what strange turn Larson's affairs had taken.

From Mrs. Wilson he collected half the account, got definite promise of the rest in ten days, refused the invitation to chop her wood-pile, and pleasantly dodged her one leading question. He made easy work of the others whom he still had time to visit that day, collecting from most of them.

At the office he found Brown in the swivel chair, apparently in bad humor over the accounts. The junior partner roused up with something on his lips, but he refrained, and his eyes brightened, "Oh —you, Larson—Harmon was telling me that something—" but when the new collector put the day's collection on the desk before him, he appeared non-plussed. "Well, by George—Harmon tried to tell me—er—well I'll declare."

At the door of his home Larry met Christeena beaming with joy and hope. Back of her beamed the little girls, and every room and the front yard beamed likewise. After that delightful supper, the morning's work was taken up again in the yards, and it went on from daylight till breakfast time next morning.

Passers-by were overheard that day to say, "He's fallen heir to something, look at the change."

But the change became more pronounced. He settled in full with Tompkins, while the old manager protested the settlement was too soon to be acceptable. He satisfied the demands of Dixon and Turner in ample time, in fact he paid the last intallment before it fell due.

Just what had really happened became the speculation of the town, though everybody knew something wonderful had fallen into Larry Larson's hands; that could be plainly seen in his face, in his life and affairs, the appearance of his beautiful wife and happy children. Everybody sought his company, so pleasant and agreeable, so sympathetic to the poor and unfortunate.

From every quarter individuals and companies asked for his expert service, and Harmon and Brown raised his allowance liberally for fear they would lose him. Bishop Robison wanted him to collect some delinquent assessments for the new meeting house. "I know you're a busy man," apologized the bishop, "and I can't afford any commission, but the work requires a specialist, and we have very few men able to do it." Larry did it.

The Relief Society wanted a specialist to arrange terms with a contracting concern, and they sent a committee to induce Larson to undertake it. He made the desired terms. He became the successful teacher in an M Men's class, for which the president had sought a specialist as the only hope of dealing with the hoodlum element.

A committee of the town requisitioned his services to superintend a reception for the governor, and they thought the reception was better than any other man could have arranged it. Contending brethren brought their difficulties to him for settlement, and smiled pleasantly over the happy compromise he suggested. Even contemplated law suits yielded to the smiles of his persuasion, and he left behind him a wide trail of good will wherever he went. The old, the sick, the discouraged, and people who had been soured on life in general, camped on his trail, and waited in ambush to waylay him wherever possible. And always he smiled at them or gave a kind word, a hand-shake or a caress, and they caught the mysterious cheer of his inheritance and found new courage.

And the little folks, particularly the unfortunate and the unhappy, feasted on Larson's smiles, and their troubled little hearts swelled big with joy under the spell of his words and his caresses wherever he found them.

Companies and corporations paid well for his special powers as an operator among men. The president of the great merchandising company, which had employed Tompkins as manager of one of their stores, made a trip to that part of the country for the sole purpose

of making Lauritz Larson the new manager, by outbidding every other industry on his trail. And Tompkins, surprised and humiliated, asked to be a clerk under the new manager, assuring him the enlightenment of the whole affair would make the old manager a better clerk than he had been a manager.

The new manager's home and yards were the pride of a wide neighborhood, a telling impetus in every direction for similar improvements at other homes. And his mysterious inheritance, or rich find, or unusual discovery, whatever it could be, bred smiles and pleasant expectation with all who knew of it, as if they were to be joint heirs.

Even though this change had been due to misfortune, instead of to happiness, and the secret of it had been withheld from her, faithful Christeena would have forgiven Larry's failure to tell her what brought it about. Yet she still wished very much to know how it happened. But old Harmon, the now pleasant clerk, Tompkins, and even Wade's once disagreeable boss, insisted they had been promised an account of the whole thing in due time, and they united in declaring the time had arrived.

To compel the fulfilment of the promise without further delay, they planned to celebrate the anniversary of a special increase in business which had come to the two firms as a direct result of Larry's efforts. They announced a banquet of the town, promising as the special feature, that Manager Larson would tell the story of his mysterious inheritance several years before.

When the moment arrived, and he appeared at the head of the great hall, filled with beaming friends, he met a deafening applause, and then the old clock grew loud on the wall as they listened. His face showed unmistakably that wonderful fortune had come to him, and it was a face everybody loved.

"My dear friends," he began. "The wondrous fortune to which I fell heir on that mysterious night in June is no more for me than for you. I retired heartsick to bed, and lay awake till dawn, nursing the wounds and bruises of dark misfortune. I was facing ruin—beggary. I had been shown out or kicked out of every place to which I applied for employment, and was told in every case that it is only specialists who may enter the contest for existence. In answer to my prayer I received the light that taught me to become a specialist,—no matter how long it should take, or what the cost. I canvassed the field carefully to determine what was most in demand, and through faith I saw that nothing was needed more, and nothing could be a surer winner, than a specialist in smiles. From that moment I bent every effort to become a smile specialist, and the love-hungry world followed me eagerly from the very beginning. Become specialists, my dear friends, and you are joint heirs with me."

Blanding, Utah

Tithe of the Land

By Mrs. Ida W. Brown

As Madge Petty viewed the autumn world with its scalloped horizon from her mountain home, it seemed to her that a benign peace had settled over all the universe; as if Mother Nature, knowing that her bountiful crops were garnered, had heaved a great sigh of relief and said: "Well, that's that. Now for a little rest."

And at her command storms and winds and all the elements of turmoil had ceased. The flood of silvery sunshine spilling from heaven only seemed to accentuate that pervading peace. Everywhere was peace and tranquility—and subdued sounds like prayers of thanksgiving. No wonder Madge lifted her eyes to the blue-vaulted sky as she murmured: "God, I thank thee."

But uttering thanks did not put Madge's mind in complete accord with the autumn world. A little riffle of disquiet was in her mind—a sense of guilt. Ten years Madge and her husband, Wilbur Petty, had lived on Mountain View Ranch. Each year their crops had been up to their expectations. The land had yielded abundantly; and yet not once had they given a tithe to the Lord.

Madge had always been more than willing to have given that tithe, but Wilbur always had said that they had little enough without paying tithes.

Madge realized that salvation came not by merely saying, "Lord, Lord," but by serving and being willing to keep every commandment that was given. Wilbur let farm work fill his days and mind and thought little or nothing about salvation.

And now viewing this glorified autumn world, with its bright splashes of red and gold, Madge felt that she and her husband were guilty of cheating the Lord.

What could she do about it?

Nothing, perhaps. Just one of those unsolvable problems. And yet at school Madge had loved knotty problems—she had liked nothing better than a brain twister. But this problem that affected their lives now and throughout all eternity, she had cast to one side without much of a struggle to solve it. Madge's chin went up and a light of determination shone in her brown eyes as she went into the house. For several hours thereafter she busied herself with pencil and paper.

When Wilbur came in at night after having carefully attended to all the needs of the farm stock, his wife met him at the door.

"Let's go for a ride, just anywhere to be out in the air."

Wilbur hesitated. "If I had one o' them —there radio's, I'd tune in on PQS or some other fool station, an' you an' Russell could go ridin'. Stickin' to a sulky all day a person gets enough ridin'."

"Where's your radio?" laughingly inquired Madge.

"I'm goin' to have one alright an' that before long," announced Wilbur, as they walked toward the car.

Eight-year-old Russell moved to the middle of the front seat and patted each side as an invitation to his parents to join him.

Madge's eyes seemed never to tire in their search for beauty, and as they drove along she pointed them out to her husband and son.

The irregular plots of grain stubble intermingled with the gray of sage made the mountain look like a giant with a crazy-patch quilt over his lower extremities, in her eyes.

Wilbur smiled at this comparison but after several seconds of careful scrutiny, Russell shouted: "Where's the giant's head, Ma?"

"Oh, he's a headless giant. Can't you see his shoulders, one a little above the other?"

"Yes, siree," agreed Russell and his grey eyes were bulging and bright from his pleasant imaginings.

When they were getting ready for bed Wilbur again spoke about the radio, expressing a determination to have one before winter.

"You're goin' down to Salt Lake for conference, you can look for one down there. An' be sure to get a good one."

But when Madge came home from conference she had failed to buy a radio.

"I just couldn't decide on one without you along," she said, as she met the inquiring depths of her husband's gray eyes searching her own. "We'll have to go down together, or you can go down and get one yourself. I just don't know anything about radios."

Wilbur showed his disappointment but Madge was thinking about a certain flat parcel in the bottom of her suit case that had taken up a great part of her time while she was in Salt Lake City.

That evening she removed the paper wrappings and took that flat something to her bedroom. She hung it on the wall opposite the head of their bed and where the first rays of morning sunlight would strike it. Then she stood off and surveyed it with a pleasant smile. The black lettering stood out in sharp contrast to the rose and gold of the frame. From the head of the bed she could easily read it: "The world is mine, and the fulness thereof." Psalm 50:12.

"And all the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's." Lev. 27:30.

After Madge had read she lifted her eyes and asked in silent prayer that the message of this card might find lodgment in her husband's heart.

The next morning Madge slipped out of the bed before her husband was awake. She raised the blind so that the morning light was full upon the black lettering of the card.

She had not started breakfast, but was watching the great, golden sun rise slowly over the eastern mountains when her husband joined her. He stood in silence, until the sun had cleared the mountain rim, as if awed by the tremendous beauty revealed before him. Something of awe was in his voice as he inquired:

"Did you have them verses framed fer my benefit?"

Brown eyes met gray eyes fearlessly before she answered: "Yes; and mine, too."

Then she turned her eyes to the valley below with shafts of sunlight searching out its beauty as she continued: "I love to think of this earth as belonging to the Lord, and of him as the generous Landlord who has not ousted his tenants when they have refused to pay their rent, time and time again."

She turned to him with a bright smile: "He left it all in our hands, we can pay him what is due, or we can cheat him—just as we please."

Before he could answer her, she had gone tripping toward the back door. The rattle of tins in the kitchen came to him before he moved off toward the barnyard.

Each morning while Wilbur lay yawning and blinking himself in wakefulness, he read the verses on the opposite wall. And each day as he sat on the sulky plough, in the clean, autumn sunlight, these verses echoed and re-echoed through his thoughts. Although in his mind he argued against them and tried not to think of them, he failed.

There was something in the bright, painted beauty of autumn that compelled him to appreciate the earth and its Creator, and the rythm of those verses was like a murmured hymn of praise. He began to realize that it was a fair demand the Lord had made of the peoples of the earth. The truth began to dawn before his vision that one-tenth was a paltry thing to pay in exchange for being able to be a partaker in the earth's production and beauty. Beauty. It seemed to be a thing that one could not live and escape—this autumn world was full of it, and the sun spraying it with silvery sunbeams, added to its glory.

But suddenly the sun seemed to have lost its light and the earth its beauty to the inhabitants of Mountain View Ranch. For one night in the first week of November Russell came home from school and without speaking to his mother, staggered to his bedroom and fell across the bed. A

hasty examination of him revealed the fact that his little boy was burning with fever.

Doctor Fosby, from a nearby town, was hastily called and gave out the dread decision: "Scarlet fever."

Followed frenzied days and sleepless nights for Madge and Wilbur. Throughout the house was the smell of disinfectants, and daily the number of bottles increased on the oblong table by Russell's bed.

On Thanksgiving day Doctor Fosby called and told them they might expect the crisis that night.

After the doctor's departure Madge and Wilbur stood in the sick room facing each other, terror stricken. Crisis. That meant that their fight was soon over, one way or the other. Madge was the first to speak: "If only we were living so as to merit the full blessings of the Lord. We have neglected many of his commandments, but one we have utterly disregarded —that of tithe paying. And now we are asking the Lord to pour out his blessing on us—We're not worthy—"

Tears were streaming down her face as she looked in her husband's troubled eyes. She tottered and must have fallen had he not caught her in his arms.

"Sweetheart—Russell's goin' t' git well —he must—We'll promise the Lord to do better if only he'll spare our boy. There —you'd better go to him—he's throwing the covers."

Madge hastened to the bed and felt of the head and hands of Russell.

"Bring me the liniment and olive oil. While I rub him you can try to keep him covered. The doctor said above all things we must not let him get cold tonight."

So on through weary hours they worked. At times Madge felt incapable of making another move so great was her fatigue. Her eye-balls were like coals of fire. At midnight his fever lessened, but still they dare not leave the bed. For one minute with the strength of delirium he would throw covers and make attempts to get out of bed muttering incoherences; possibly the next minute they could scarcely distinguish a spark of life within him. So through long hours they fought and prayed. At five o'clock a change came. His breathing became natural and his sleep peaceful.

"He's better, daddy—he's better." Madge's eyes were bright with happiness as she spoke.

Wilbur bent over the sleeping child for several seconds.

"Yes, he's better, Mother—and now you must get some sleep."

"But I can't leave him—oh, daddy, I'm so thankful."

"But you must," Wilbur insisted. I'm goin' t' stay right here 'til morning an' you're goin' to get some rest.

So Madge was soon in bed and having the first untroubled sleep she had had for weeks.

Before a month had passed, life at Mountain View Farm had resumed its normal trend. Russell was gaining in strength daily, and happiness, too, for Christmas was only a few days away.

Madge was a little sad these days in spite of Russell's improved health. Wilbur had never mentioned tithe-paying and she was beginning to fear another year was going to pass with their obligations to the Lord unpaid.

Of this she was thinking as she sat in their cozy room busy with mending. Suddenly Russell rushed into the room.

"Here, Mama, take this paper and write your letter to Santa. Me an' daddy have got our's all wrote. We're goin' to send them up the chimney."

Without hesitation Madge wrote:

Dear Santa: I would like to have enough money to pay my tithing. Nothing could give me more joy.

Best wishes for a happy Christmas.—*Madge Petty.*

Madge was folding the paper preparatory to putting it in the stove door when Russell slipped it adroitly from her hand.

"I've got to let daddy read it," and before she could make protest he had disappeared from the room.

A few moments later Wilbur stood before her with the letter in his hand, his gray eyes smiling as he spoke: "Mother, this is one Christmas you're goin' to git your present a bit previous. Bishop's set-

tlin' tithing down at the Church, get your coat an' hat."

Bishop Farnsworth and his counselors were surprised when Wilbur walked up to the little table by which they were sitting and took from his pocket a roll of bills. As he laid them on the table he said:

"Here are two hundred and thirty-five dollars, my full tithing for the year—my first tithing, but I hope it won't be my last."

The three ward officials shook hands with Wilbur and Madge and congratulated them for being able and brave enough to pay a full tithing at the first attempt. Both felt proud and thankful as they walked down the aisle toward the door. Just as Wilbur opened the door the Bishop called out: "We wish you all a merry Christmas."

And that was just what the Petty family had—a merry Christmas. As Madge stood by Russell's small tree on Christmas morning Wilbur came and put his arm about her. He stood for a few seconds before speaking: "I was tempted t' spend the tithing money for a radio but I'm glad I didn't. I never felt so humble an' thankful before in my life. I believe I know now the spirit that Christ would like us to have in our hearts at Christmas time."

"Spirit of sacrifice," murmured Madge, happily.

Pocatello, Idaho

The Miracle of Joseph Smith

By Frank C. Steele

One hundred and twenty-two years ago was born Joseph Smith, the greatest religious teacher, the Savior excepted, this world has known. As a restorer and prophet, as an organizer and a law-giver, Joseph Smith will be known to all the world in all ages. In truth, thousands now recognize his pre-eminent position; millions are impelled to deny him such recognition, through ignorance and prejudice.

But the day is fast approaching when this man, whose life and work combine to form a miracle of the ages, will be accorded his place among the world's immortals.

Let us swiftly scan the wonderful career of Joseph Smith, a career that stands out among the mysteriously great in human annals. Born in the backwoods of Vermont of honest but lowly parents, his limitations were many. His schooling was meager, fragmentary, although his very life under hard, pioneer conditions taught him many of life's important lessons. Then, too, like the great Lincoln, young Joseph had a mother, Lucy Mack Smith, whose influence on her son of destiny has given her a glory which will never fade.

Later, when Joseph is yet a boy, the Smiths leave the stony Vermont homestead and locate in western New York. Poverty drives them to make this move; the wrench at leaving is hard, but in the strange combination of events, that very hardship is a step in the ladder of success for the thoughtful Joseph trudging with his kinfolk across country to a new home.

Again the picture changes. Kneeling in a grove not far from the rude cottage of his family this remarkable boy is absorbed in prayer. He is only fourteen years of age but his soul is torn with uncertainty. He pleads for light and, pressed by faith, the gates of heaven are opened and God the Father and his Son come down to earth and commune with the humble suppliant.

Eager to inform the religious world, confused and divided on questions of doctrine and practice, of his great revelation, Joseph makes known to a select few the circumstances of his vision. He meets rebuff and persecution and is soon branded a half-wit, an idle visionary and other cruel nicknames that might have discouraged and embittered a spirit weaker than his.

Unyielding in his testimony and unmoved by the waves of abuse that break upon his young brow, he stands alone in the crowd, comforted only by his faithful parents. Years pass and again to the chosen Joseph, now reaching young manhood, come heavenly messengers bearing new blessings and new responsibilities. Among these responsibilities is numbered the plates of a sacred record—the Book of Mormon—which the boy, by the gift and power of God translates and publishes, another witness for Jesus Christ in all the world.

From that time forward his work multiplies as do the visitations of mobocrats and evil designing men. Sublimely he meets and shatters these attacks, rising from every Slough of Despond with a new courage and a new vision.

Schooled by the holy Spirit and disciplined by the Deity himself, Joseph Smith continues to serve his fellowmen. From him pour wisdom and virtue and truth and those acts of his divine calling that lead to the establishment of the kingdom of God upon the earth. His mysterious growth of soul and intellect, reading and writing much, pondering eternally, communing with angels and with God, cheering and organizing his people—these are features of his life before which we bow our heads in awe and reverence. Such wisdom, such vision, such compassion! His poise, the perfection of his restraint in the midst of stress, the fine control of the mighty powers that were his to command, these are all elements of greatness unfolded in this remarkable life.

As a child he had emerged from the forest fastnesses to take up his stupendous task; as a man, surrounded by thouands who love and honor him yet withal much alone and much misunderstood, he now moves on to that fate, gathering like a winter cloud above his head.

But a divine Power has endowed him against that dreadful hour when he is led away to death and martyrdom. In the agony of that moment of supreme testing, torn from wife and children, friends and followers, home and possessions, the Church he had founded and the city he had built, he wavers not. His testimony he had declared without fear in life; in death he makes it binding with his blood. With peace upon his brow, and charity in his heart, he receives, like the great Lincoln a decade later, the shot that sends his spirit to God.

To our crude mortal senses Joseph Smith is dead, yet, in the extraordinary sense of spirit life, he is alive. And above and through the all-embracing work which under divine guidance he established, the spirit and influence of this Prophet and Seer still moves. That ministration cannot be stayed.

And so it shall be until the task is done and the hosts of men go forth to meet their Lord.

Lethbridge, Alta, Canada.

Finis

When we have reached the end of the last long mile,
And the grim, black shadows of the night creep down.
Will the sunset hover o'er our staunch glad smile,
Or must darkness spread her wings to hide our frown?

Will all we ever hoped to be abide the crucial hour
When wistfully we view the closing day,
Our pomp, our pelf, our little meed of vaunting power.
Will these cherished monuments survive our mortal clay?

Oh, may our hearts be brave until the twilight fades,
That closes on our last triumphant deed,
And when our lamp goes out and we slip into shades,
Heaven-bound, worthy, let courage be our creed.

Ezra J. Poulsen

The Scoop

By W. E. Sadler

They called him "Chubby" because he was fat, and he was known as the "cub" reporter of the *Evening Herald*, because that was his job. In case you don't know what a "cub" reporter is, I'll explain: he is usually the youngest of the staff of reporters on any newspaper and his job is to write-up all the "cradle-to-the-grave," marriage notices, and various other bits of news which are too slight to warrant the efforts of the higher-salaried of the profession.

"Chubby" Leach had left high school that summer to become the cub reporter for the *Herald*. He had made only one mistake since his advent into journalism and that was to tell Morton, the star reporter his aims, ambitions and ideals as pertaining to newspaper writing. Since that time his aspirations were known to all of the staff, from the editor to the copy-boy, and he was constantly being made the goat for all sorts of practical jokes. And Chubby, being as devoid of humor as a bathing-beach is of modesty, welcomed such practical jokes because he refused to fall into line and laugh with the perpetrator. But, like the hero of Horatio Alger's stories, "nothing daunted his brave spirit, and he ever strove for success."

The three o'clock "dead-line" for the afternoon edition had just passed. The strain of the day's news-getting had fallen off, and as the presses ground out their reams of printed pages everyone in the editorial rooms relaxed.

Sitting in front of his desk, Chubby mused: "Gee, now if I could only get a line on a scoop—a real, big, important scoop—I'd have it all over these beat-men and maybe get the Old Man to make me a 'star' too! I'll show these stuck-up guys a thing or two about reporting one of these days!"

Morton, the "star," gazed at Chubby over the edge of his paper and his mouth turned upward into a grin as he said: "What's the matter, Chubby, old boy? Still thinking of the One Big Scoop?"

Chubby muttered something that sounded like "mind your own business," flung down the paper he had been reading and walked out of the office. On the sidewalk he headed for the corner of the busiest street intersection with the fond hopes that an accident would happen with himself as the eye-witness.

As soon as Chubby had gone Morton jumped up from his chair; the expression on his face was that of a man who had just been struck with a brilliant idea. Walking over to another reporter, Morton spoke a few words in boisterous glee and then settled down to outline his plan.

The plan was this: Morton and the other reporter were to follow Chubby to the cafe at which he usually took his supper. Chubby should be allowed to overhear a conversation between the two which would lead him into going to room 448 at the New Netherlands Hotel late that night. He was to hear enough at the cafe which would lead him to believe that he was going after a big scoop. At the hotel the two reporters would arrange it so Chubby would get an earful about a crazy plan to poison the municipal water supply. Morton was to assume the role of the poisoner and the other man the financial backer of the plan. Then, after Chubby had gathered all the details of what seemed to be a big story, and had written them up, Morton and the rest of the editorial office were to joke him about his diligence in procuring a "dud" story.

" * * * you know where Chubby generally eats his supper—in that Chinese cafe with the booths at the side? Well, that's the place; meet me on the corner at about six o'clock," Morton finished.

"But won't the chief get sore?" queried the other.

"Not on your life! The boss enjoys a joke as much as anyone else. Besides, we'll be teaching the youngster a lesson in news-gathering," replied Morton.

"Better tell him about it first, though, to be sure about it—we don't want this to be a boomerang," said the cautious individual.

Without further ado Morton walked over to the glassed-in enclosure with the single word: "Editor" inscribed on the door. Not bothering to knock he walked in. A few minutes later he came out chuckling to himself.

"Everything's all set," he announced to his colleague. "Don't forget to meet me at six o'clock sharp in Sing Fat's!" And with another laugh he picked up his hat and walked out of the office.

Sing Fat's Shanghai Cafe was the Mecca for all sorts of people. If you wanted a dish of chow mein or a pork-chop you could get it there, served by a slim, slant-eyed, yellow-skinned person. Likewise, if you wanted privacy in order to discuss a shady deal, the booths, heavily-curtained, which lined the wall were at your service. Every politician, crook, artist or merchant in the town knew and liked Sin Fat's.

Chubby liked Sin Fat's because he could get a meal for thirty-five cents which was satisfying. And again, the meal would be served where others couldn't observe him when he utilized stray pieces of bread to mop up the remains of gravy on the platter. So at or about six o'clock Chubby could be found occupying one of the booths.

Chubby had just been visited with the first course when two men walked into the cafe, glanced around, spoke a few words to the Chinaman at the counter, and were guided to a booth adjoining that occupied by the cub reporter.

Whilst in the motion of conveying a section of pie to his mouth, Chubby was startled at hearing someone in the next booth pounding on the table and shouting in an aggravated tone: "I won't have it! It's outrageous; it's a darned swindle—that's what it is!"

Scenting a plot, or possibly a fight—both of which are good news—Chubby hustled out of his chair and glued his ear to the thinly boarded partition separating the two booths.

A man was saying: "Well, don't shout like that or you'll have the whole restaurant knowing your business! Be sensible and calm down, man; you'll get your share of the cut! And if you want to talk about any of the details you can make your talk to the committee—we meet tonight in room 448 at the New Netherlands Hotel at eleven o'clock sharp. Believe me, any newspaperman would give his ears to know the things up for discussion tonight; be careful and don't let anyone know about it, and———" here his voice trailed off until it was lost upon the eaves-dropper.

Chubby straightened up; he had heard enough to convince him that something was indeed "in the air." His eyes were as big as saucers as he thought of what the man had said: " * * * any newspaper man would give his ears to know the things up for discussion tonight—"

Gone was his appetite, and in its stead there burned the knowledge of an apparently "big scoop" about to break. He grabbed for his hat, hastily paid his check and walked out of the cafe with never a thought about food.

Coming down to the corner, Chubby stopped and took stock of what he had heard. "The time was eleven o'clock and the place was the—let's see now; was it the New Holland or the New Netherlands hotel? Well, I can find out from the clerk of each if anything is going on up in room 448!" he said half to himself.

From the time he had left the restaurant until nearly eleven o'clock—the time for the event to take place—Chubby had walked around with his chin in the air building air castles. If it was anything about the present city administration, he thought, there would sure be a big scoop in it. The *Herald* had bucked the incumbents ever since they had been elected because of certain nefarious practices. At any rate, here was his big chance; if this scoop was successful he was a made man and no but's about it!

The clock on the bank corner warned him that it lacked fifteen minutes of eleven. Chubby hastened his footsteps towards the New Holland Hotel, two blocks away.

Sauntering up to the desk, and trying to keep his excitement from showing on his face, Chubby asked if there was anything special doing in room 448. The clerk, who knew him, replied no; not in 448 anyway, but wasn't it 428 he referred to? If it was, the clerk had seen five men go up there just a few moments ago, and although the room was registered to an out-of-town contractor maybe something was happening there.

Chubby pulled the clerk towards him and whispered what he had heard the man say in Sing Fat's. In return for this confidence he was given permission to listen at the key-hole of room 428 as long as he didn't get caught.

Disdaining the elevator, Chubby took the stairs at a run and arrived at the fourth floor out of breath and gasping. He tiptoed down the corridor until he reached room 428 and pulled out his pad and pencil. With his ear to the door and a watchful eye on the corridor he was able to hear someone say:

"But, Mayor, this contract I'm bidding in will put the total bond issue of the municipal sewer contract in your council's hands. Think of it, man! Five million dollars at the disposal of you four men! Now here's my plan: we'll substitute number one clay pipe for the specified iron; we'll take a different grading than the one specified by the engineers and we'll reduce the footage. On top of that we'll use smaller pipe; then there's the incidental expenses to be considered, so altogether we should be able to clean up a million and a quarter out of the whole business! That's not a bad split for five men, is it?"

"How are we going to be assured that the people will know nothing of the plan? How are you going to keep your foremen from knowing what's going on? How are you going to protect our interests?" came from a Doubting Thomas in the room.

"By simply using out-of-the-city labor," explained the first speaker. "I intend to hire none of my skilled help from this city, so you'll all have nothing to worry about! Then think of this, too: you, Mr. Mayor, and you, Councilmen, will go up for election this fall. With the *Herald* against you, you know you can't win; they've shown you up too much in the past. Why not take a good slice of the tax-payer's money while there's the chance? Why not be killed for a sheep as for a lamb?"

Scribbling furiously, his ear still at the door, Chubby caught this much and a great deal more of the same kind of talk. The gist of the whole business was that the incumbent administration was planning a gigantic coup, which, if carried off, would cost the taxpayers over a million dollars and would jeopardize practically the entire sewage system of the city through inferior material and inferior methods.

Chubby heard a vote taken, heard the names of the mayor and his councilmen reply "aye" to the question, and after a short talk by the man who appeared to be the instigator he heard the chairs being pulled back from the center of the room.

Chubby again bounced down the stairs and into the lobby. It was almost two o'clock in the morning. He had been listening for the better part of three hours! But, oh boy! what a scoop! There remained only the identification of the men as they passed through the lobby to make the story a fact. He stuffed his notes into a side pocket and slumped into a large, over-stuffed chair where he could see the men as they passed through the lobby but could not be seen by them.

He did not have long to wait. The elevator door opened with a bang and four figures came out and started hurriedly for the door. Chubby recognized their faces as they passed: Parsons, the mayor, and Briggs, Stratton, Peterson and Meyer, councilmen.

From the register Chubby obtained the name of the out-of-town contractor and verified it with the clerk. Then he hastened home with his secret, confident in the knowledge that he had obtained a "beat" over the morning paper, and that his

story would be the biggest scoop in months.

He could hardly sleep that night, thinking about his story. Several times he awoke and reached for the scribbled notes to make sure that it was not a dream.

At seven the next morning Chubby reported for duty. Instead of writing up the bits of miscellaneous news which hung on his desk-file he commenced on the story.

His cheeks glowing, his eyes snapping with the fire of it, Chubby pounded the keys of his dilapidated typewriter. The other reporters, trooping in, glanced at him and smiled knowingly. A group of them stood near the editor's sanctum and exchanged wise-cracks. Loudest amongst them was Morton.

His copy finished, Chubby picked up the sheets and carried them himself to the editor's office. If it had been anything else but his "big scoop" Chubby would have availed himself of the services of the copy-boy, the only individual in the big office actually at his beck and call.

The other reporters, four of them, nudged each other as Chubby, wild-eyed and tousled-haired, brushed past them into the presence of the editor. The door banged behind him.

"Just wait until he comes out after he finds out it's all a put-up job!" chuckled Morton. The others laughed loudly and watched the door.

Inside the office Chubby was telling the Chief how he heard of the story. He had just reached the point where he was telling about the hotel; about the room number being 428 instead of 448 when the editor looked up surprised.

Manning, the editor, grabbed the sheets from Chubby's hands and began reading them with absorption. Quickly he ran through them, sifting them from page to page as the important points came to light. Then he jumped up and shouted:

"What hotel did you get this from? Hurry boy—what—?"

"T-t-the New Holland, sir. Isn't it all right?" faltered Chubby.

"All right! Oh, boy! I'll say it's all right and so are you! Hooray! And now run out of here while I head this stuff up —come and see me this afternoon and I'll have some good news for you!"

And as Chubby walked out of the door Manning picked up the telephone to call the mayor's office. While waiting for the number he mumbled elatedly: "The New Holland and the New Netherlands! Wowie! That's surely a hot one on Morton—the biggest scoop of the season!"

THE END

It's The Vim

Oh, it isn't the trimmings and trappings!
Nor the polished face of the train;
It's the vim panting back in the engine,
That carries it o'er the plain.

No, it isn't the army's regalia,
Nor the front line, wide as the sea;
It's the vim pulsing deep in the bosoms,
That flags us the victory.

So don't count much on trappings and trimmings,
As wagers in this world's great strife;
For it's the vim behind the endeavor,
That wins the battle of life.

Ephraim, Utah. SUSAN T. JENNINGS

Current Events

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class M. I. A., 1927-28

Suggestions by the Committee

The Advanced Senior Department is planned to meet the needs of all Mutual Improvement members over twenty-three years of age. The class is especially anxious to welcome to its ranks the young men and women of the Church, as it is felt they will give to it the spirit of youth and will enrich the recitations because of their recent association with schools and libraries. One of the popular movements of today is adult education and the Advanced Senior class is making splendid headway in this important cause.

The Efficiency Report demands our attention for the month of December. The Advanced Senior Class, with its enviable reputation, will help this report. Every member should become enthusiastic for progress. This class stands for development, more interesting programs—and true joy for each individual will be closely aligned with a rousing Efficiency Report.

1—Religion and Social Service

(December, 1927)

1. *Does Science Conflict with Religion?*

Eight men answer this question in *Popular Science*, October, 1927, and their answers found place in the *Reader's Digest* of November.

Question: Do the eight agree on any one point, and if so, what is the point?

2. *Definite Diversity of Opinions.*

Two theological giants face each other in controversy over the conflict between science and religion. Which has the best of the battle as reported in *Literary Digest*, October 15, page 33?

3. *"The Ugly Side of Beauty Display."*

Under this headline the *Literary Digest* of October 22, presents the attitude of the National Council of Catholic Women, and the press comments on their efforts for public reform.

Problem: Is there need of reform in beauty contests, and if so, how can we help to hasten it?

4. *"Is Family Life Declining?"*

A woman of recognized social service authority says: "Family responsibility has not turned to irresponsibility." A man of legislative prominence calls for a concession of the truth as he sees it, quite opposite to the conclusions of the eminent lady. (See *Literary Digest*, October 29, page 31.)

Our Problem: Which is the most consistent attitude to take, that taken by Miss Hamilton at the Buffalo conference on Family Life in America Today, or that taken by Senator Hamilton Lewis at the Catholic Women's League in Chicago?

5. *"A Badly Muddled Religion."*

Under this heading in less than one column there are set forth twenty-five ideas on religion and social service. (See *Literary Digest*, November 5.) Select the best of the thoughts expressed.

2—Politics and Industry

1. *Prosperity.*

Recently, President Coolidge made the declaration that the tide of good times is not receding, but rising, and that prosperity is on the increase, with bigger buying of luxuries as well as necessities just ahead of us. A brief summary of his views are to the effect that crops, with the exception of cotton, are fully as good as last year and that the corn and wheat

crops have actually greatly increased; that notwithstanding quite a number of people have been out of employment, the number is decreasing; that the mail-order-house sales have greatly increased, that the textile industries show some improvement, that the steel industry is even picking up, and that the exports and imports are keeping pace with last year.

In contrast to this optimistic view of the president, Prof. H. Parker Willis, the editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, in New York, according to his survey of business conditions, says that things are not altogether satisfactory; that there has been a falling off in the orders of the steel corporation, and textiles have been depressed for some time; that the motor trade has not recovered; railway freight movements have been only fair, and that the good retail trade is largely due to the increase in the production of wheat and corn, which have benefited only certain agricultural sections of the country.

Questions

Are favorable economic conditions due to political organizations or parties, or is there some more fundamental cause? What part do invention, chemistry, greater efficiency in accounting and management, play in the role of increased prosperity? What other things have contributed to better economic conditions? What do political parties contribute? What has been your own observation on business conditions? Has your own business improved? Why? (See *Literary Digest*, October 29, 1927, page 13.)

2. *Europe as a Competitor.*

It looks as if a serious trade war in which the American chemical interests are concerned, will occur within the near future. According to recent announcements, the leading nations of Europe have formed a billion dollar chemical trust, which includes Germany, Great Britain, France and Belgium. It is said that these countries intend to make economies in production and distribution without increasing prices so that they may invade the markets of foreign countries where the American chemical industry has gained a leading position since the war. This is not the only industrial combination which is reported from Europe. There is an agreement in the aluminum industry which involves Germany, France, England, Switzerland, Austria and Norway, and, too, steps have been taken to bring together the electrical and textile industries of leading producing countries. These tendencies in oversea industries are likely to greatly affect the western world. "The movement has not been dictated by political causes, but by economic necessity." It seems as if the Bankers' and Industrialists' Boards have conceived the idea of pooling their resources and of dividing the trade and the territory so as to keep down costs, and in particular, against each other.

Questions

What is the real purpose of these combinations? Are they formed solely for the purpose of getting the world's markets, or is it to regain some of the markets which they lost. If these combinations are successful, what other combinations in Europe will likely soon follow? How can we meet these combinations? What is the problem that we must face exactly in Europe? Only by what methods can we outdo Europe? (See *Literary Digest*, October 29, 1927, page 14.)

3. *The United States' Merchant Marine.*

Although the United States is one of the leading industrial and exporting countries in the world, it has not maintained a high position in the merchant marine when compared with certain other countries.

Questions

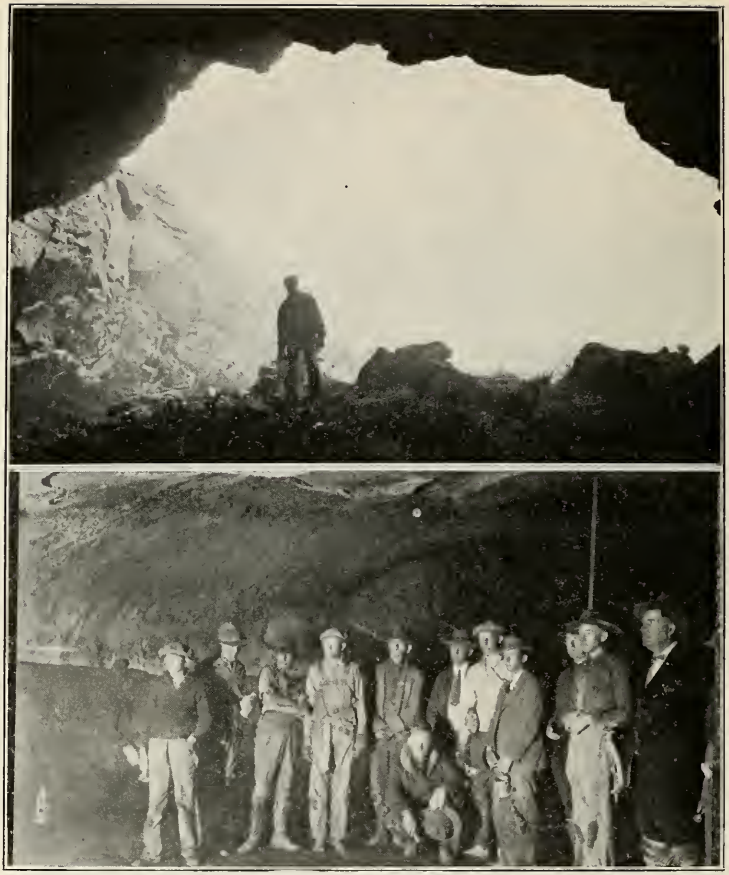
Why is this the condition in our country? What particular benefit would a good merchant marine be to the U. S.? In what way are our vessels obsolete compared with those of other countries? What particular kind of vessel is best for a merchant marine? How has the United States lagged behind other countries, such as Great Britain, Germany, France, and Italy, in the building of ships for merchant marine purposes? (See *Literary Digest*, October 29, 1927, page 21.)

Outings

BENSON DISTRICT SCOUTS

This picture shows the scout leaders of the Benson District of the Cache Valley Council B. S. A., who successfully completed the minimum course in Scoutmastership and were awarded certificates by the National Council B. S. A. The course was given at Richmond, Utah.

Crater and Red Mountains from summit of Berthoud Pass, on the road between Utah and Denver.

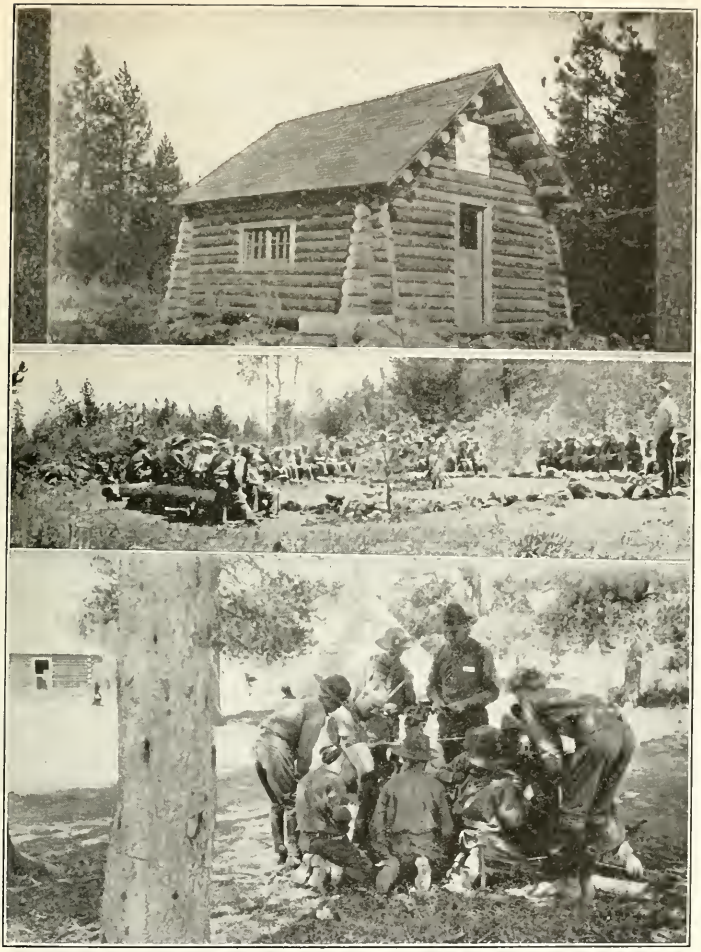


TETON PEAKS COUNCIL, BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

Top: Mouth of the cave west of Idaho Falls. The cave is a lava formation and looks like a stream course. The ten "picked" First Class Scouts of the Teton Peaks Council with geologists, scoutmasters, and Scout Executive H. S. Alvord, with a Chamber of Commerce representative, a movie representative, and a newspaper reporter, explored the farthest depths.

Bottom: Scouts, scoutmasters and scout officials who explored the "Butte" lava caves. This flash-light picture was taken 2,700 feet underground. Officials in the picture are, besides scouts, Dr. C. H. Stattuck, geologist, J. M. Gaddie, superintendent of Utah-Idaho Sugar Company of Lincoln. Dr. J. W. West, scout commissioner; Gene Young, Chamber of Commerce representative, and Executive H. S. Alvord, stooping.

This council is well taken care of. According to Scout Executive H. S. Alvord it has the greatest corps of scout workers in the field. He states that their camp is permanent and will be usable for many years. "The increased enrollment justifies my saying it will be full for four weeks each summer."



Top: This log cabin was donated to the permanent Scout Camp of the Teton Peaks Council, by the "Rexburg Rotary Club." The other cabin being constructed now, was purchased by the Knights of Columbus. It is expected five such cabins will be ready by next June.

Center: The "Council Ring" with Scout Executive H. S. Alvord, standing. This council is conducted by the Teton Peaks Council from July 18 to August 18. The capacity is 60 boys and ten men weekly. The Council covers 20,235 square miles with seven stakes of the Church. There are 57 regular troops and 1,141 registered scouts. Splendid co-operation is given in all the Latter-day Saint wards.

Bottom: "An expert shows 'em how." One of the small instruction groups learning archery from two experts, Elvin Keller, assistant camp director of Teton Peaks Council, with headquarters at Idaho Falls, and R. C. Anderson, scoutmaster of Union ward troop.—*H. S.* Alvord, Camp Director.

Messages from the Missions

The Missionaries

To every land, and Isle afar,
Where human habitations reach,
Where the lost tribes of Israel are,
The gospel, there, we'll preach.

To every tongue and every race,
The gospel's light shall shine;
All men, upon the earth's broad face,
Shall hear the truth divine.

Shiro, Texas.

The heathen, too, shall all rejoice
In Restoration's sound;
We'll gather people of God's choice
From lands the whole world 'round.

Unto the Mountain of the Lord,
Where Zion's banner flies,
They'll come, and shout, with one accord,
His praises to the skies.

La Verta Rhoton

First Baptisms in Montpelier, France

Public conferences were held in the Marseilles district of the French mission commencing October 9. Mission president Ernest C. Rossiter was in attendance and all who wished to hear and see what is going on in Salt Lake City and in the other "Mormon" localities. By means of stereopticon views and their explanation

Missionaries in the Marseilles district, standing left to right: Royal Ballif, Preston, Idaho; Arthur L. Newman, Salt Lake City; W. Rulon Shaw, Ogden; Leon L. Cowles, Salt Lake City; Ethan O. Huffaker, Idaho Falls, Idaho. Sitting: Le Grand M. Silver, Salt Lake City; Wayne H. Knight, Salt Lake City; S. Call Nelson, Provo, district president; Ernest C. Rossiter, mission president, and John S. Griffin, Ogden, Utah.

gave some valuable information concerning the "Mormon" people. We enjoyed overflowing crowds in each town, our halls not being large enough to accommodate we were enabled to convey to those present a more estimable opinion of our people. On the last day of the conferences, in the city of Montpelier, France, which city has

been opened up to missionary work in the last year, a baptismal ceremony was held and two people were cleansed of their sins in the waters of baptism. The Lord is blessing our efforts and our prayers are being answered; the French people are becoming more interested in the gospel, and there are many honest souls among them who are searching for the truth and the way to salvation. Each month we look forward to receiving and reading the *Era*; it is truly a source of stimulation and uplift of the spirit in this work of God; we thank you heartily for it.—*S. Call Nelson*, district president.

More Converts in Wales

This year, we have had more converts than in the past few years in Cardiff, Wales. During the past summer, many homes have been opened to the gospel, and we confidently look forward to a good harvest. In behalf of the missionaries of the Welsh district, I thank you for the *Era*.—*Raymond Murphy*, district president.

Missionaries, left to right, front row: H. J. Butcher, Ogden; Hilliard L. Rose, Hyrum; Raymond Murphy, outgoing president, Salt Lake City; Nathaniel E. Parry, incoming president, Manti; Noble L. Chambers, Smithfield. Back row: Weston W. Taylor, Salt Lake City; A. J. Anderson, Fairview, all of Utah.

The Latter-day Saints' Maori Agricultural College

The faculty and student body of the Maori Agricultural College, Hastings, N. Z., join in sending their greetings to the saints in Zion. The blessings of the Lord are felt so profusely on all sides, that we indeed feel as part of God's chosen people. We feel as co-partners with the Latter-day Saints dwelling in Zion, in furthering the cause of truth and righteousness to all nations, tongues and people. We are just now nearing a successful school year from every standpoint. Five stalwart youths of the Polynesian race will graduate from the school this spring, which means that their people will have five more young men of sterling character, of intelligent aptitude, and with it all, a burning testimony of the gospel of Christ to lead and direct them and enable them to act as shining lights among their own people. The district

presidents throughout the mission report that many of the outstanding leaders and zealous workers in their districts are Alumni of the M. A. C. The college is expanding and the territory we are now serving, is far and wide. We have represented at the school six nationalities: Maori, Hawaiian, Samoan, Tongan, Tahitian, and European. The major purpose of the college is to inculcate within its students an everlasting, ardent testimony of the divinity of the work of the Lord as interpreted by the Latter-day Saints, and a desire to promulgate with ability that testimony—the knowledge of God's plan of salvation,—to their own people. We have an excellent opportunity indirectly to teach the gospel to the inhabitants of the South Sea Archipelago, through this means.—*Maori Agricultural College, Alten Christensen*, secretary.

Above: The Maori Agricultural College student band. Below, the faculty, left to right, front: Annie McIlroy, matron; Sister A. S. Ballif and young son Alfred S., Junior; A. S. Ballif, principal; President J. Howard Jenkins, of the New Zealand mission; Sister and Brother H. L. Manwaring. Back: Elders Richard Marsh; W. V. Fuller; Alten Christensen; E. C. Allen; E. S. Palmer; J. R. Stephens and S. F. Jensen.

In Holland's Rainy Lowlands

With pep and courage the missionaries of the Amsterdam district are entering into their work. The people are being approached from many different angles, and the seeds of truth are sown by the elders and touched with life by our heavenly Father and his promises, resulting in growth and harvest. During the past two months, 18 souls have been led into the fold through the doors of baptism. Ways are being opened through which the message of life can be put before many people. Street and park meetings are being held regularly in most of the branches, a privilege which has not heretofore been enjoyed. President James E. Talmage was in attendance at our recent conference, and gave the elders and the people present much food for thought. We pray for continued success in the work of the Lord, both in the mission field and in the stakes of Zion. We are thankful for the splendid missionary, *"The Improvement Era."* —*Rupert Ravsten,* Amsterdam, Holland.

Elders sitting, left to right: Reinder Springer, Rupert Ravsten, district president, (released); John P. Lillywhite, president of the Netherlands mission; Henry Hansen; Frank E. Mitchell; Washburn M. Chipman. Standing: George A. Grover, Fred W. Neubold; Ralph A. Watson; Preston B. Williams; David G. Thomas; John Van Haren; Seiger Springer; Merrill L. Peterson; Lenord W. M. Dalebout; S. Reed Andrus; Ray J. Hutchinson, incoming district president; Dan Van Kampen and Daniel Simmons.

Organizations Flourishing

On September 4, at Monterey, California, people from five towns gathered to hear San Jose district missionaries, and especially President Jos. W. McMurrin of the California mission. One-third were non-members of the Church, curious to attend a "Mormon" conference. All seemed greatly impressed, even the Methodist minister who occupied a seat on the front row. He said afterwards that President McMurrin's speech made him think of Agrippa's answer to Paul: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." The Relief Society sisters served a luncheon and supper. The Primary and the Relief Society have developed so splendidly that their reports merited the praise they received. Half of the members of the

Primary are children of investigators. Recently a program was given on which the children cleared fifty dollars, the largest sum ever made by a Primary organization in California. President McMurrin complimented the branch on the selection of hymns and musical numbers which were sung. He said the selection was the best he had heard at any conference. Our Sunday school is growing consistently. We lack our own house in which to meet, but a fund has been started, and we hope soon to see the materialization of our desires in the form of a chapel which can be dedicated to the Lord whom we serve.—*Eva Gunther, Ruth Ellsworth, D. J. Fugal,* Monterey, California.

First Conference, Rhur District

On October 22-23, the Rhur district of the Swiss-German mission held its first conference. This district was created in May of this year, when it was divided from the old Cologne conference, the majority of the members being in the new district. The conference meetings were held in Essen, and President Hugh J. Cannon was present at all. Before the main meetings of the conference, special meetings were held in Duisburg, Gelsenkirchen, and Bochum, all of which are new fields, and the number of friends present was most gratifying. The general meetings were all very well attended by both Saints and investigators. All of the missionaries of the district were called on to speak in the meetings, some of the elders have been here only two or three months, but their German was very good, as was their spirit, new and old, and all went away from the conference well repaid for attending, and filled with the gospel message. The Lord is blessing our work on the Rhur, and we are making good progress.—Geo. *Albert Smith, Jr.*

Front row, sitting: T. Kenneth Biesinger, Louis M. Burgener, Geo. Albert Smith, Jr., pres. Ruhr district; Hugh J. Cannon, mission president, Salt Lake; Leon B. Linford, pres. Cologne district, Logan; John Stringham, Salt Lake. Standing: Friedrich Kalt, Frankfurt, Germany; John C. Jenkins, Salt Lake; Howard M. Ballif, Whitney, Idaho; Norman C. Pierce, Springville, Utah; Samuel C. Worthington, Boise, Idaho; Geo. K. Casto, Washington, D. C.; Waldo R. Frandsen, Price, Utah; Clyde L. Broadbent, Heber City, Utah; J. Kenneth Kingdon, Salt Lake; Edward M. Richins, Henefer, Utah.

European Mission Presidents Hold Conference

A conference of the presidents of the several European missions was held at Dresden, Germany, during the week of September 4-11. It was called by President James E. Talmage of the European mission who presided over the meetings. Subjects of vital interest were thoroughly discussed and many problems confronting the several missions were carefully handled, and plans formulated and suggestions offered whereby such obstacles may be overcome. While the brethren were thus busy, the sisters met under the direction of Sister May Booth Talmage, and the Relief Society and Y. L. M. I. A. work was handled. A feature of the conference was a trip to Meissen, the birthplace of the late Karl G. Maeser. A very instructive visit was made later through the pottery works of the Dresden Porcelain manufacturing company where the famous Dresden china is made. President and Sister Valentine had a very satisfactory way of taking care of their visitors, both in providing meals and in giving entertaining programs presented by the auxiliary organizations of the Dresden branch. The closing meeting of the session was joint with the sisters and was devoted to bearing testimonies. The conference closed by President Talmage invoking the blessings of the Lord upon those gathered and upon the missions.

Sitting: President Andrew Johnson, Swedish mission; President Hugh J. Cannon, Swiss-German mission; President James E. Talmage, British and European mission; President Hyrum W. Valentine, German-Austrian mission; President John P. Lillywhite, Netherlands mission; President Joseph L. Petersen, Danish mission. Standing: President Ernest C. Rossiter, French mission, Sisters Venus Rossiter, Sarah R. Cannon, May Booth Talmage, Rose Ellen Valentine, Lillian B. Lillywhite, Ida Petersen, President Lorenzo W. Anderson, Norwegian mission.

Law Observance

There are civil, moral, and religious laws. There are family laws and regulations. There are the two great laws which our Savior emphasized and which embrace all the others:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

Only through love and obedience in the individual can laws be observed by him. If he loves the law he will observe it. No man can be a law unto himself and succeed. He must conform to the regulations that are established in civilized society, for the protection of all. His liberty must be within these laws, and must encompass the good of his fellows. To these laws he must render the service of obedience.

At the late conference of the Church, the present need of law observance was strongly emphasized. President Anthony W. Ivins called attention to the wise and just laws of our country, and that while laws may have been enacted which were in a sense undesirable, there is a way provided by which they may be abrogated or amended, and that, not law-breaking, is the proper mode of procedure. He then continued:

"Now what is the necessity of calling attention to this matter at this particular time? I believe that we know that the necessity does exist. You only need to read the reports that come to us from the various parts of the United States, and from our own state and county. There is sufficient evidence to demonstrate that lawlessness is running riot. Men go, boldly and unmasked, and shoot their way into the treasure-houses of this country, killing, if law-abiding men stand in the way, in order that they may carry away that which does not belong to them. Men violate, unblushingly, the laws of chastity and virtue, which are the very foundations upon which all good governments may stand. Men holding public office violate that trust which has been reposed in them by the people, and themselves stand out violators of the very law that they are appointed to magnify and uphold. Only this morning you who read the papers saw an account of one of the most atrocious crimes that could be perpetrated, said to have been perpetrated by an official who has been appointed to administer the law, not to violate it, in which at a threat of life he takes a woman into an automobile, carries her away to a secluded place, and there keeps her during the entire night. I have passed a good part of my life among uncivilized people. I have been with Indian tribes from the Canadian border to the interior of Mexico, and I have never in my experience encountered a tribe of Indians who would tolerate lawlessness of this character in the indifferent manner that we do. Men are arrested, prosecution is sought, the best legal talent available is called in for their defense, and there is scarcely one chance in ten that they will be convicted. Witnesses unblushingly perjure themselves, while attorneys who pose as respectable members of society, with full knowledge of the fact, encourage them in it.

"I speak plainly upon this subject, because it appears to me to be vital to our welfare. I do not direct my remarks to Latter-day Saints alone, but to the people of all creeds, profession of faith, or of no faith at all. I know that politics has been held up to us as a thing so sacred that the Church has nothing to do with it, and should not refer to it. I ask you, in heaven's name, what is the calling of the Church if it is not to oppose lawless-

ness and crime, and seek to establish righteousness; if it is not to stand firmly for the proper administration of the law, and to oppose violation of it that peace and prosperity may abide with the people of our country, which can be had under no other conditions?

"I wish that the people of the world could be made familiar with the contents of the Book of Mormon, this American scripture which has been before the world during a century of time. It outlines the destiny of this nation, tells it as plainly as history will tell it after its destiny is accomplished. It makes very plain this fact: That if the government is to be perpetuated, as it may, if it is to endure as God has decreed that it may, it can only be by service to the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ, our Lord and Master. That is definitely decreed.

"I appeal to good people everywhere, not to any political party, not to any particular church, but to all people, to use their influence to bring to pass righteousness in the administration of the civil affairs of our country, and I make this appeal to both the church and the state, for both need it."

Elder David O. McKay said:

"There is much being said now about the law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor. Latter-day Saints should uphold that law everywhere, at socials, at banquets. Civil officers, members of clubs, who are contributing to the formation of public opinion ought to be proud to uphold that law. It is a constitutional law, and it is time that the leaders of this country, the politicians, the statesmen, the leaders in civic affairs in the state and in the cities should so speak of this law, so act towards it, that public sentiment would be turned in favor of its enforcement. Latter-day Saints, we are expected to uphold it and to uphold every other law which contributes to the advancement and peace of mankind. And these laws against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors are such laws, and our conditions now in society, with millions of automobiles, the drivers of which must be at their very best, active mentally, quick to respond physically in emergency, make it necessary that we eliminate from society anything that will becloud the brain or leave the driver's hand unsteady. We are living in a condition in which we cannot with impunity foster traffic in intoxicating liquors. God said long ago that they were not good for man. Our boys and girls, from the standpoint of integrity and consistency, should take a stand against the use thereof."

The coming holidays is a good time to put these admonitions into real practice. —A.

Dependable Workers Wanted

Apparently little things go to make up character—at least, what some consider little things. Take for example in Y. M. M. I. A.—we have about one thousand young men who act as secretaries—96 stake and about 900 ward secretaries serving in this capacity. Their business is to record the simple facts and forward them as required in the Y. M. M. I. A. monthly efficiency and statistical reports. Of the 96 stake secretaries, 48 have reported for October; and of the 459 wards in those reported stakes, 340 ward secretaries reported, leaving 119 wards not reported in the stakes in question, besides all the wards in the stakes that are unreported. Eleven stakes have reported every ward; (See report) while 560 wards of the 900 are not reported. Since this was written four stakes with 44 ards have reported 34 wards.

A worried stake secretary writes:

"There seems to be a lack of responsibility on the part of ward officers in our stake. Although appeals and notices have been sent to the ward presidents and secretaries, only three wards of the eleven in our stake reported in time to be included in this report. It will probably be the poorest showing in the Church, but I thought it advisable to send it in, and at the same time ask for some advice. Can you suggest means of getting these efficiency reports from the ward organizations? Appeals have been made at monthly union meetings, by letter, and by personal

visits. We are now at a loss to find some method of bringing them in. * * * Material for officers other than that which we are using, is not available."

We were about to suggest that you obtain dependable officers, but you close your letter by saying that men other than those you are now using, are not available, in which case there is nothing to do but to call the present officers to repentance. Endeavor to show them the seriousness of refusal or neglect to do their work. Neglect will lead them to slight other Mutual work, omit to pray, to pay their tithing, to attend their sacrament meetings, their business or other work. A young man who cannot be depended upon to do so small a job as making out the efficiency report of the Mutual of his ward each month, is a very poor candidate for any job in business, on the farm, in the home, or in the Church. Of course, if he is going to choose to be a slacker in these respects, one cannot expect anything better of him in the M. I. A., but if he expects to be a man, a dependable man, one who should count for something, and do something in the world, he ought to show it in this little responsibility of reporting the Mutual each month in his ward, and which undoubtedly he promised to do when he took upon him the office.

There is no other successful way of having a thing done, than to do it, or, to get men to do it whom you can depend upon. If you cannot substitute the men, you must call them to repentance, change their attitude, and impress upon them the need of dependability. Their action in this duty is the basis of what they will do in other things; it is a point in their career that should not show neglect, if they desire to build a character that is worth while in the world.

When men are appointed to office, they should be aked if they are willing to take upon themselves the work of this office, and then the work and what is required should be thoroughly explained to them. Dependability in all one promises to do great or small is fundamental.—A.

"His Blood Be Upon Us and Our Children"

Since Christ was killed by members of his race,
The curse of God descended on their seed.
His favored blessings on their home-land to efface,
And reap full vengeance for that treacherous deed.

After the siege, the Roman sword held sway;
In lieu of wise-men from the East, the Moslems sought a home;
Where once the debris of a ruined temple lay,
The Mosque of Omar lifts its Oriental dome.

In foreign lands, the mercenary Jew plied his trade,
Where universal hate, engendered by his greed,
Has of that tribe a race of exiles made;
The curse of God has been upon their seed.

The British troop dispersed the foreign guard.
The Gentile yoke is lifted from Mount Zion.
The Jews, returning to the home-land of the Lord
Shall build anew that eastern Zion.

Beaver, Utah. E. Cecil McGavin

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All matters pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood presented under this heading, are prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

WARD SUPERVISION

"Duties of Ward Supervisors of Aaronic Priesthood," Presented at the Bishops' Meeting, October 8, 1927, by Fred Abbott, Supervisor, Ninth ward, Mt. Ogden stake.

This is how the Lesser Priesthood Committee are functioning in the Ninth ward. We have a supervisor working in conjunction with the bishop and the priests. The bishop presides over the priests, and the supervisor is there with the bishop. If, for any reason, the bishop cannot attend the meeting, the supervisor is sure to be present to take charge of the work. While the counselors in the bishopric do not teach, the first counselor has general charge of the deacons, the second counselor of the teachers, and a supervisor is appointed for each of the quorums of the teachers and deacons. The priesthood is therefore never left without somebody to take charge.

The duties of the supervising committee never replace the duties and responsibilities of the presidencies of the different quorums. When a supervisor enters a department he takes a back seat and all the importance and prominence possible is given to that quorum. The president or one of the counselors takes charge. He makes the announcements, and the assignments, in a systematic manner, and the supervisor is a silent member while this is going on. The boy presiding calls on members to open and close the meeting, checks up the assignments made, and has charge generally of the preliminary exercises. Then the supervisor takes charge.

It is the business of the supervisor to promote order and system in every phase of the class exercises. Recently we had a meeting of importance, and all the supervisors and the bishopric were in this meeting, leaving all the priesthood quorums without supervisors. All of the quorums, with one exception, conducted themselves in an orderly way and carried on their lessons. The supervisors need to train the quorums to carry on effectively under any conditions. The latter part of section 121 in the Doctrine and Covenants is a measuring stick for the priesthood. We should maintain the spirit therein described in all of our relations.

At every sacramental meeting one member of the priesthood is given an assignment to present a topic. It is just a little difficult sometimes to get the boys to do that. Some of the boys say, "I cannot do it." Then we say, "If you cannot do it, alright; but if the other fellow does it, not many weeks will pass before you can do it, if you try." Some of the boys who have refused, have come later and said, "I will be glad to take my turn." The reason for this is that in the opening sacramental meeting a good influence is created. It brings out the very best that is in the boy and he stands up and gives it to the people. He is on his honor that he will do certain things. After it is all over, he will think about what he has said and ponder, "Well, I have said things and must make good. I cannot disappoint the people." Under the influence of the Holy Ghost, he will say things that will bind him to the cause. I recommend strongly this practice. It will give the boy a needed training.

One or two things, we are doing on the outside. The street car company in Ogden has been taking up ties and doing a lot of repair work on Washington avenue. These ties are excellent for kindling wood. I asked the foreman if I could have one or two hundred of these ties. He said, "Sure." The ties are now up at the Church. The priesthood supervisors will fix up a saw, operate it by a Ford auto-motor, and saw the wood into blocks. The boys will then split it into kindling wood, and distribute it to the widows in the ward. Every deserving widow, whether in the Church or not, will

get a share. There are some families in the ward whose gates have never been opened to the ward teachers. But when the gates are opened for the kindling wood, they will open more easily to the ward teachers. The boys doing this will get much joy out of it. They will appreciate it, because they are rendering service.

I was formerly president of an elders' quorum, and I saw in the ward a number of honest men with families of good children. These men had habits which kept them from Church. I said to the brethren in charge of the Lesser Priesthood, "If you have no objection I would like to keep an auxiliary roll of men in the ward and invite them to attend the elders' quorum meeting." I found possibly twenty-four in all, some of whom may not even have been deacons. When I called on these men and asked them to come to priesthood meeting, I had to make promises that I would not call on them to do anything. Well, these brethren came. The only way I could get them to take part was to discuss things in which they were interested.

I went up to one man, and as I took hold of his arm I felt a package of tobacco in his pocket. I talked to him in a frank, but friendly way. He didn't get angry. I knew he wouldn't. I said, "You have an excellent wife and a mighty fine oldest boy,—one of the best in the community. Are you satisfied with your position and with what you are doing?" He said, "No; I am ashamed of myself." I said, "You are only a deacon. You are a strong young man. You don't need to smoke." He said, "It is the hardest thing in the world to quit." In about four months I saw him again and smilingly said, "What have you got there?" He said, "I have the same package I had when you spoke to me, and I haven't smoked since; and, furthermore, I am confident I will never take another smoke." "I knew you could do it," I replied. "Now, the next thing for you to do is to be worthy to receive the Melchizedek Priesthood, get a temple recommend, and have your wife and children sealed to you." After four or five months he had his family sealed to him and he is now a ward teacher and is as happy as can be. That is only one of twenty or more instances. Labor must be made to get them from the Aaronic into the Melchizedek Priesthood.

Another thing, any time you feel you are a little too important to get hold of a boy's hand because he is smoking, you are wrong. I suggest that you get hold of the boy. Tell him he is welcome, even if he is smoking. Tolerate it. Pave the way for the day when you can lead him into security and right living. You can't do these things in a day. You can't do them in a month. Sometimes it takes a year of patience and waiting. When the time comes to reprove him, do it, but don't let him get away from you. Make him feel that you are his friend lest he count you his enemy.

Work diligently and you will get good results. I promise you it will be the happiest time in your lives.

Field Notes

Pioneer Stake Progress: Pioneer stake has adopted the slogan "Make Pioneer stake better through the Priesthood," and since that time a consistent effort has been made to improve the work and increase the efficiency of the various quorums of the priesthood.

Progress has been made in the quorums of the Melchizedek priesthood, but the greatest advancement is noted in the Aaronic priesthood. Pioneer stake has put into effect the program for Aaronic priesthood work as outlined by the Presiding Bishopric. An Aaronic priesthood committee has been appointed in each ward under the direction of the assignments of the three grades of this priesthood. The stake committee is comprised of a member of the stake presidency and six members of the high council. This committee is divided into two corps and visits two wards each Monday night for the purpose of supervising the activities of the Aaronic priesthood in the various wards of the stake. Particular attention is given to the problem of adult members of the Church who are still enrolled in one of the grades of the Aaronic priesthood, and a special

effort is being made to urge the attendance of these men with a view of preparing them for advancement.

A spirit of agreeable cooperation prevails between the wards and the stake, and as a result of this cooperation and the efficient supervision of the work by the stake committee, an average attendance of 28% of the record membership has been maintained during the nine months of the year 1927.

Emphasis is being placed upon advancement in the priesthood, as a result of merit rather than having such advancements made according to ages. Bishops of wards have been asked to closely examine all young men as to their knowledge of the gospel, and to inspect the records of assignments filled, and the attendance at quorum meetings, to satisfy themselves that candidates for promotion are qualified for the proposed advancement. This policy is stimulating young men to more consistent effort and a study of the class work than has heretofore prevailed.

While there may be nothing unusual in the program of this stake, the success obtained is the result of several years of consistent hard work on the part of stake and ward officers in bringing the conditions prevailing in the Aaronic priesthood to a reasonable degree of success.

Aaronic Priesthood Party, Blackfoot Stake. The annual party for the Lesser priesthood was held at the Blackfoot stake tabernacle, Wednesday evening, October 19, 1927. The committee in charge of the party consisted of A. A. Bingham, Ray E. Merkley, A. N. Allred, A. D. Jacklin, and Egin Lamprecht, all stake workers in the priesthood. A short but pleasing program was rendered and at the close of the program the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. Prizes were awarded for the best dancers in the deacons', teachers', priests', and bishops' classes. Light refreshments were served to about 350 guests.

Social Activities. Reports for the nine months show that special activities were reported for only sixteen stakes for the Aaronic priesthood quorums during the past three months. These have consisted of such outings as swim, melon feeds, desert picnics, baseball games, contests, pioneer day celebration, excursions, etc.

Fairest Visions

Too soon are gone the glories of the day,
Too soon the sun sinks in the golden west,
The flowers and sky are turned to dullest grey,
And gloomy seems all Nature when at rest.

But though my eyes may miss the pleasing sight,
Across my soul the shadows do not fall,
For visions come that bring me warmth and light
And weave a rose-hued glamour over all.

The fairest sights are seen, not with the eyes,
But with the mind in imagery sublime,
We need not for lost beauties vainly sigh,
When powers to store the best increase with time.

Raymond, Canada. HELEN KIMBALL ORGILL

MUTUAL WORK

What to do in December

The Drama, one of the big recreational events on the regular M. I. A. program, may be given in any month, but where it is convenient and the proper preparations have been made, the Drama should be given in December and should fit in with the general year-round recreation program of stake or ward, and should be presented on some other night than Tuesday. For particulars concerning the list of plays and other items relating to the matter see: *M. I. A. Year-round Program*, page 21-22.

The efficiency report blank should be carefully checked by the officers and a proper report made. Attention to this report is one of the most effective means of stimulating good work in your association. At the Union meeting, this month, attention should be called to this item, and the general interest of the officers solicited. At the June conference, 1928, an award will be made to all stakes who obtain for one or more months 100% efficiency in their reports. Entire stake organizations should be encouraged to cooperate in making this record. Executive officers, including the secretaries, should cooperate in seeing that proper records and reports are made promptly.

Class work, of course, should be looked into and carried out with enthusiasm during the month.

Look also to the completion of the canvass for *Era* subscriptions.

After-Mutual Dances

At a recent meeting of the General Boards in joint assembly, a motion was carried, re-affirming the original position of the General Boards, relating to After-Mutual Dances, and discouraging these dances for the following reasons:

a. The activities of the various departments present sufficient variety. There is no necessity for such a dance.
b. That these dances add nothing to our recreational or educational program.
c. That these dances interfere with school studies of our boys and girls.
d. That many young people drift about from their own, to wards that give those dances.
e. That these dances are keeping our young people out late and breaking the Curfew law.

This regulation would not apply to matinee dances and occasional dances after Mutual, but to the regular practice.

Putting Over the Slogan in Parowan Stake

The M. I. A. Boards of Parowan stake are putting over the Slogan by the use of illustrated lectures in each ward. Gustive O. Larson, principal of the Seminary, organized, in the California mission in 1923, an illustrated lecture on Ancient American Civilization and the Book of Mormon. It was later given before the General Authorities in Salt Lake and has been sent to many of the missions. The stake board has secured the slides, which number about 100, through the courtesy of the Bureau of Information, and Brother Larson has delivered the lecture to crowded houses in each ward.

The stake board has supplied appropriate musical programs to fit into the theme.

They Know How to Work

This photograph shows LeMayne and Conley Watts, boys 17 and 16 years old, respectively, and sons of J. A. Watts, 1st assistant superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. and the Scout leaders in Rexburg, Idaho. The picture is taken in the beets, showing a part of the twenty-five acres they have raised this year. They are in the midst of the harvest now and are taking from this portion of the field twenty-one tons per acre. A wonderful showing! They are fine fellows and know how to work. They have followed the beet industry since they were 11 and 12 years of age, and while they have worked at times for other people; from them and their father, they have always received words of commendation for their industry. They have made their own way so far by hard work during their vacation. Commendable example for all young men.

Stake Mutual, Twin Falls, Entertains

On August 26, 1927, the Twin Falls Stake Mutual entertained the ward officers at a social. The guests were received by members of the Board and the High Councilmen appointed to the M. I. A. Then followed community singing and mixers. The color scheme of the M. I. A. was artistically carried out both in the decorations and in the menu. Program of reading, music and plans for the coming season were provided, followed by toasts, conversations, and toasted marshmallows. There were tiny candles in candle holders of green and gold. Following the banquet each ward in the stake furnished a stunt for entertainment and the whole was ended by dancing. One hundred people enjoyed the party and declared it the most successful "get together" party that we have had.—*Ellis Boyling, Reed Bitter,* Stake Recreation Committee; *Wm. E. Bitter,* Stake Superintendent, Y. M. M. I. A.

Carlin Scouts' Trip to Yellowstone National Park

Six Scouts of the Carlin troop number 1, Nevada, left on Sunday, July 17, 1927, enroute to Yellowstone National Park. The trip up consumed three days. At Twin Falls, Idaho, Scout Executive Robertson welcomed the scouts and their driver, Mr. Earle Bohne. He took them for a sightseeing ride about the city. The scouts also met the scout executive at Pocatello, Idaho. Supplies for the trip were purchased at Idaho Falls. From the West entrance the party proceeded to Old Faithful Camp, after viewing the many geysers of the Upper and Lower Geyser basins. The next day a stop was made at the Lake Camp for one and a half days, where boating and fishing were enjoyed by the scouts. From Lake Camp the party proceeded to the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone river, and thence up over Dunraven Pass to Tower Falls, where a burned-out bearing caused a delay of one and a half days. We went to Mammoth Hot Springs down through the Norris Geyser Basin to Old Faithful, then out the South Entrance in the Jackson Hole country. Swimming and boating were enjoyed at this spot. Then a start for home was made by routes through northern Wyoming and Idaho. The trip consumed twelve days. The scouts had their own tents and did their own cooking. The fee charged to each scout was $15, which provided partway for their transportation and food. The

other part of the expenses were paid out of the scout treasury. The Boy Scouts of Carlin are fully organized, with Mr. Chester Nelson as scoutmaster and Mr. Burdsell as assistant.—*J. W. Robinson*, Carlin, Nevada.

WEST GRIDLEY BASKETBALL TEAM, CALIFORNIA

All except three are members of the M Men class of the Liberty branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, at Gridley, California. They are the champions of the Sacramento Valley, which comprises three different basketball leagues—the Sacramento Valley league, the Foothill league, and the Feather River league. Their names are, front row, left to right: Lavern Wolf, captain; Geo. G. Cole, O. T. Shirley, Jr., Oren Borrowman. Back row: Harry Sannar, Roscoe Jones, Bert Jones, Walter Little, Benjamin Shirley. They are a clean, fine bunch.

A GOOD WORD FOR UTAH ATHLETES

Erwin B. Evans, president of the Wisconsin district of the Northern States mission, favors the *Era* with a clipping from the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, written by Coach Knute Rockne of Notre Dame. He has been interested in a coaching school in Cache Valley and is enthusiastic over the progress of athletic sports among the Latter-day Saint boys, and incidentally over the splendid educational progress that is made in Utah in this line. He says, "With the higher grade of coaching which they are now receiving all around, look out for Utah. The University of Utah, coached by Ike Armstrong, plays Northwestern at Chicago this fall. I saw these Utes playing

in Hawaii last winter. They looked mighty good. They won't beat Northwestern; Dick Hanley has a mighty fine team coming on, but they'll play a grade of football good enough to convince any skeptic that Utah is coming fast.

"In June, 1912, a gangly, raw-boned chap named Alva Richards reported at Northwestern field for the Olympic trials. Tenaciously hanging on to a carpet bag the youngster announced that he was a high jumper from Utah. He was. Unknown and unheralded he won the event that day, and won it at the Olympic games.

"In 1914, Clinton Larson, representing Brigham Young University, came east to the Penn relays and won the high jump with a leap of 6 feet 5½ inches. Then came Creed Haymond from the University of Utah to the University of Pennsylvania. His sprinting astounded the east. All three of these stars came from the southern end of the state.

"The reason for these men is not because the distance between water holes is great, nor that one had to jump high to be able to pick the berries. They are the result of heredity. The people who pioneered this state were, absolutely, of the best American stock."

New Superintendents

Rulon E. Hicken was sustained as stake superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. at Cardston, Alberta stake, Canada, on September 7. Former superintendent Seth H. Nelson was released.

LeRoy Whitehead was chosen stake superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Gunnison stake, vice, Charles E. Embley, released.

Wm. H. Stoddard was appointed superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Blaine stake, vice, David K. Henry, released.

E. Rey Guymen was sustained superintendent of the Montpelier stake, Idaho, vice, Arthur S. Richards, released. The change was made on Saturday, August 27, 1927.

James Jenson was chosen, September 18, 1927, superintendent of the Box Elder stake, Y. M. M. I. A., vice, Wm. H. Stayner, released.

Robert Lee Purrington, was appointed superintendent Y. M. M. I. A., Weber stake, vice, Joseph E. Wright, released.

Virgil M. Flake, Snowflake stake, Arizona, was appointed superintendent, October 23, 1927, vice, Jesse M. Smith, released.

Short Play Contest

Announcement of the winners in the short play contest inaugurated by the *Improvement Era* for 1927, will be made in the January, 1928, number.

Appreciation From Japan

Fujiya Nara, General Superintendent of the Mutual Improvement Associations in Japan, writes from Tokyo, to Alma O. Taylor, expressing sincere appreciation to the General Board for furnishing them with the *Improvement Era*, from which they get much encouragement and help. The few Saints in Japan, seem determined to carry on in spite of the fact that the Church withdrew its missionaries over two years ago. There are three M. I. A. organizations in Japan, one at Tokyo and vicinity over which Fujiya Nara presides; one at Osaka and vicinity, of which Tsuruichi Katsura is president, and one at Sapporo and all the Island Hokkaido with Kenji Ono, president.

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, October, 1927

STAKE	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders Enrollment	Advanced Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Advanced Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders Attendance	Advanced Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Advanced Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Box Elder	757	13	13	134	192	221	10	224	781	100	127	89	9	137	462
Carbon	547	7	3	28	29	23	9	59	148	20	20	16	4	45	105
Cottonwood	727	10	10	107	80	160	30	275	652	101	66	95	22	176	460
Deseret	521	12	12	90	150	85	22	131	478	70	96	57	11	86	320
Emery	476	9	7	60	59	110		177	406	43	34	71		133	281
Ensign	956	8	8	81	130	204	31	282	728	78	110	167	23	268	646
Granite	1000	9	9	79	80	206	126	235	725	70	68	155	99	192	584
Gunnison	279	7	7	48	59	43		46	196	37	42	35		29	143
Juab	328	5	4	39	79	57		60	235	31	54	44		51	180
Liberty	1435	12	12	112	177	229	106	310	934	111	183	209	89	279	871
Logan	595	11	7	70	74	78	18	154	394	51	34	40	10	96	231
North Davis	473	6	4	39	20	59		82	200	35	14	35		60	144
North Sanpete	710	10	7	49	26	78		119	272	39	16	43		72	170
Ogden	876	11	11	97	89	161	35	252	634	78	59	116	22	180	455
Oquirrh	485	6	6	60	53	71	16	119	319	53	35	34	12	70	204
Palmyra	487	8	5	43	54	51	15	95	258	24	26	16	16	44	131
Panguitch	255	6	1	10	14	18		12	54	7	7	8		6	28
Parowan	546	11	4	31	29	23		55	138	22	21	13		32	88
Roosevelt	330	11	10	72	111	75	16	86	360	47	63	46	10	55	221
St. George	680	14	8	77	79	90	47	74	367	51	53	73	20	60	257
Salt Lake	1090	13	13	123	129	228	35	264	779	104	88	158	29	201	580
South Davis	528	8	8	76	71	140		170	457	63	46	92		111	332
South Sevier	200	8	6	48	124	14		112	290	36	90	10		91	227
Summit	465	12													
Uintah	415	10	7	50	72	60	27	74	283	48	53	46	7	56	210
Bear Lake	363	11	7	50	49	35		81	215	32	36	19		43	130
Burley	306	9	3	21	37	4	12	18	92	11	19	4	3	11	48
Cassia	149	6	6	35	60	35	3	56	189	22	42	15	2	41	122
Fremont	666	14	13	120	187	145	19	145	616	80	143	88	15	86	402
Idaho	200	7	5	34	30	11	4	25	104	17	26	7	2	17	69
Idaho Falls	577	12	7	61	67	65	11	67	271	40	45	27	4	56	172
Lost River	124	3	2	11	22	3		8	44	9	9	3		5	26
Minidoka	252	8	5	35	52	27	7	22	143	23	22	18		15	69
Pocatello	552	10	8	85	89	106	18	124	422	65	66	76	15	85	307
Rigby	521	13	7	79	113	68	16	69	345	57	86	32	8	41	224
Shelley	315	9	9	87	63	49	2	78	279	52	36	27	2	48	165
Yellowstone	370	10	7	50	77	51		61	239	35	53	50		26	164
Big Horn	322	6	3	23	32	18		15	78	12	18	4	2	10	46
Lethbridge	223	9	5	67	54	59	62	16	258	46	38	52	25	11	172
Los Angeles	420	8	7	65	77	143		97	382	58	68	124		85	335
Lyman	210	7	5	38	58	50		54	200	31	57	38		32	158
Snowflake	290	11	3	20	16	26	20	22	104	17	8	17	14	17	73
Star Valley	365	11	7	66	43	59	6	65	239	40	29	33	3	41	146
Woodruff	325	5	5	43	70	41	5	44	203	35	40	15	1	30	121
San Francisco	364	10	10	59	89	86		22	256	51	67	60		14	192
Hollywood	318	10	10	89	122	149	15	77	452	69	110	121	22	56	378
California Mission	400	20	14	58	95	100	9	45	307	50	110	90	6	35	291
N. W. States Mission	175		7	41	51	38	9	14	153	33	31	36	4	13	117
Weber	715	9	8	64	77	69	15	155	380	51	39	42	12	106	250
Grant	1410	14	10	85	83	157	56	258	599	82	70	115	55	186	508
Bear River	503	13	8	57	59	48	17	68	249	46	43	32	10	51	182
Maricopa	425	8	8	77	113	108		161	459	62	88	69		130	349

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, October, 1927

STAKE	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	M Men	Reading Book of Mormon	Era	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Off. Meeting	Ward Off. Meeting	Total
Hollywood	10	10	10	8	10	7	7	8	10	10	90
California Mission	7	10	10	5	6	7	8	6	10	10	79
San Francisco	7	10	10	3	6	4	2	5	9	8	64
Box Elder	10	6	10	5	5	8	8	7	10	10	79
Bear River	5	10	6	6	4	5	6	5	6	6	59
Carbon	8	10	10	10	3	...	4	...	7	...	52
Cottonwood	9	10	10	10	10	7	7	8	10	10	91
Deseret	9	10	10	10	7	6	8	5	5	9	79
Emery	9	10	7	4	7	2	5	6	8	6	64
Ensign	8	10	10	10	10	7	7	5	10	10	87
Grant	4	10	10	7	7	3	5	2	10	10	68
Granite	7	10	10	10	10	2	4	3	10	10	76
Gunnison	7	10	10	10	8	6	9	8	6	9	83
Juab	8	10	8	8	8	3	7	4	8	8	72
Liberty	7	10	10	10	10	8	7	4	10	10	86
Logan	7	9	10	10	7	3	7	7	10	9	79
North Davis	6	10	10	10	10	5	6	10	10	10	87
North Sanpete	4	6	6	6	6	6	6	2	8	6	56
Ogden	7	10	10	10	9	7	9	7	10	10	89
Oquirrh	7	10	10	8	7	6	6	7	10	10	85
Palmyra	5	6	10	8	8	7	9	9	10	10	71
Panguitch	10	5	...	...	...	1	1	...	...	10	27
Parowan	5	9	8	8	...	5	...	4	3	5	42
Roosevelt	10	9	6	3	2	4	7	8	7	9	65
St. George	10	10	9	8	3	7	4	4	...	10	65
Salt Lake	7	10	10	7	9	7	7	7	9	10	82
South Davis	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	97
South Sevier	10	10	10	10	3	7	...	2	8	9	69
Summit	10	8	9	4	3	2	7	4	9	7	63
Uintah	7	10	6	2	5	3	4	4	7	6	47
Bear Lake	7	6	5	1	3	3	5	4	6	4	44
Burley	3	7	3	2	1	...	3	2	3	3	27
Cassia	10	10	10	5	10	7	4	7	10	10	83
Fremont	9	10	10	10	6	5	10	8	10	10	88
Idaho	8	10	10	3	3	4	5	9	10	10	72
Idaho Falls	5	6	10	7	6	4	7	8	9	6	68
Lost River	3	9	10	3	...	3	6	6	6	3	49
Minidoka	7	7	5	3	3	4	3	5	4	6	47
Pocatello	8	10	10	10	9	6	10	5	10	10	88
Rigby	7	9	5	5	2	5	5	6	8	5	57
Shelley	9	6	10	7	7	6	7	7	9	10	78
Yellowstone	6	10	10	2	6	4	8	5	10	8	63
Big Horn	2	9	5	5	3	4	2	3	2	5	40
Lethbridge	10	10	10	10	10	10	7	6	10	10	93
Los Angeles	9	10	9	9	9	5	6	8	9	9	83
Lyman	9	10	8	10	7	7	5	6	10	5	77
Snowflake	4	10	3	1	2	1	2	1	2	3	28
Star Valley	7	6	6	2	3	2	4	4	6	5	45
Woodruff	6	9	10	8	4	5	4	8	9	8	72
No. W. States Mission	10	10	10	3	5	7	7	6	...	9	67
Weber	5	10	10	10	6	10	6	10	...	10	77
Maricopa	10	10	10	10	9	9	9	10	10	10	97

REPORTS FROM ALL THEIR WARDS

The following sixteen stakes received reports from all their wards for the efficiency and statistical report for October: Ensign, Liberty, Box Elder, Ogden, Cottonwood, Salt Lake, Granite, Deseret, Hollywood, Maricopa, San Francisco, Gunnsion, Oquirrh, South Davis, Shelley, Woodruff. Let us increase this number for November, as it is quite as important that we get the reports from the wards as from the stakes, in order that the stake people may be able to determine how the Mutual work is going in their stakes.

PASSING EVENTS

The tunnel under the Hudson river between New York and Jersey City, was opened Nov. 12, 1927. The tunnel is 9,250 feet long and runs 72 feet below the bed of the river. It has taken seven years to construct it, and the cost is $48,000,000. The formal opening required only the touch of President Coolidge on a telegraph key at Washington to draw aside two American flags at the entrance of the twin tubes of the tunnel and open the greatest underway boulevard in the world to the official party of the state's governor, 130 mayors and 15,000 other guests. Two tubes, each with a road width of 20 feet, have a capacity for 3,800 cars hourly. The tunnels are paved with granite block brilliantly illuminated and supplied with a complete change of air 42 times per hour by 84 ventilating fans.

To restrict divorces is the aim of a movement in the Presbyterian church in the United States, launched Nov. 13, 1927, by the distribution from headquarters in Philadelphia of a document, in which it is urged that the church recognize only one cause for divorce, viz., adultery. If that principle is adopted, divorce would not be granted for desertion, for instance; or for "cruelty," or for "incompatibility of temper," or "failure to support," etc. Distribution of the document for discussion among the churches was authorized by the general assembly at San Francisco last May, and the report has been in preparation since. Final action is to be taken at the next general assembly in Tulsa, Okla., in May, 1928.

The total net revenue from the Panama Canal, for the last fiscal year, is placed at $18,131,819. The number of ships that passed through were 6,072, or 16.6 ships per day.

Armistice day, Nov. 11, was observed all over the country with exercises in memory of the victims of the world war, who were slain on the various battlefields. President Coolidge placed a wreath on the grave of the unknown soldier at Arlington. Canadians presented "a cross of sacrifice" in memory of American soldiers who were killed in the Canadian service, and the Canadian troops were parading Washington streets, bearing arms. Memorial services were held as usual in honor of Woodrow Wilson, the "war president." In Utah the day was observed, generally under the direction of the posts of the American Legion.

Job Newton, Springfield, Mo., died in that city, Nov. 4, 1927, at the age of 102 years. He is said to have been the first man to enter Salt Lake City with a wagon train, during the California gold rush. "Uncle Job," as he was called, lived in Kansas City and St. Louis when those cities were Indian trading posts, having gone to St. Louis in 1836. When gold was reported in the hills of California, he commanded two wagon trains which traveled across the country to the west coast. He came to Springfield shortly afterward and entered the brokerage business and continued in this capacity until five years ago, when he sold his interests to a new corporation.

A series of earthquake shocks along the California coast interfered with the railroad traffic, on Nov. 4, 1927, over the Southern Pacific line north of Santa Barbara, and shook the inland town of Santa Maria. The tremors continued all day. The earth tremors apparently were heaviest in the vicinity of Honda, a rockbound point thirty-five miles north of Santa Barbara. It was here Southern Pacific tracks were thrown out of alignment. Trains were delayed for some hours and later they proceeded at a slow speed. Ships at sea were rocked, the Mackay radio station reported. The steamer *Los Angeles* radioed two shocks were felt after noon. The shocks vibrated the entire steamer, which at that time was twenty-five miles north of Point Arguello, Santa Barbara county. At Santa Maria five shocks were felt in five hours, the second of which, at 5:49 a. m., was the most severe. Stones in the Masonic hall were dislodged and fell into the street, while a few plate glass windows were cracked.

Chief Justice Wm. H. Taft, in an address before the National Crime commission, Washington, D. C., Nov. 2, 1927, declared that the American legal system must be reformed. New trials, he said, should never be granted, except for injustice, and the practice of selecting juries of weak intelligence must be abolished. "Exemption from jury service ought to be cut down, and society ought to be able to secure a jury that approaches the issues with a sense of its obligation to enforce the law without fear or favor, and with intelligence enough to learn from the judge what the law is and to weigh the evidence with reference to its violation."

Russia decides to participate in the deliberations of the League of Nations disarmament commission on Nov. 30, according to an announcement from Paris, dated Nov. 1, 1927. That means that all the great powers of the world, including the United States, will be

represented on that commission, and that every excuse for failure to agree on some practical plan for the reduction of military forces of the world is deprived of any real foundation. It has always been said that no disarmament plan can be adopted until *all* the powers agree on it. The opportunity for a general agreement is now at hand.

Marriages for five years only is the brilliant idea of a jurist of the Los Angeles superior court "in order to adjust book law to current usage," according to an Associated Press dispatch from Los Angeles dated Nov. 1, 1927. The contract should be renewable, he suggests, at the end of the five-year period. If it is not renewed, the division of the property and custody of the children would be settled by the courts. We used to think that marriages "until death do you part" were too short, but five-year marriage contracts!

Crime and criminals are increasing faster than the population, according to figures published by the department of justice, Oct. 31, 1927. The total prison population in federal prisons, at the end of the last fiscal years, was 18,788, as compared with 8,927 in 1918. The increase in the prison population the last nine years has been 110 per cent, while the entire population, during the same time, has increased only 20 per cent. The most striking increase was found in narcotic law violations, which jumped from 299 in 1918 to 2116 in 1927. Next in order were violation of the Volstead act, with 2040 prisoners. Violation of another recent law, the motor vehicle theft act, stood third on the list.

Maximilian Harden, famous German newspaper man, died suddenly, Oct. 30, 1927, at Montana-Vermala, Switzerland, after an attack of bronchitis. It is said of him that he caused more uneasiness to the former royalty of Germany and men who occupied political positions during the regime of the former kaiser than any other man or agency in Germany. He hated the former war lord more and feared him less, than any other German subject; was violently opposed to the kaiser, and never permitted to pass an opportunity to criticise and attack the ruler and those associated with him in the government. His newspaper, *Die Zukunft*, was widely read and extensively quoted both in Germany and abroad.

Sholom Schwartzbard, a Ukrainian Jew, charged with the murder of General Petlura, was acquitted by a French jury, Oct. 27, 1927. It was shown during the trial, that Schwartzbard believed that Petlura was responsible for the massacre of thousands of Jews in Ukrania during the years 1918-20, and that Schwartzbard had slain the general in order to avenge the murder of his countrymen. With this object in view, he tracked his victim from place to place, until on May 29, 1926, he found his chance, in Paris, to pour the lead into his body and end his life. There seems to be great joy and satisfaction in Jewish circles over the acquittal of the slayer. He is regarded as a hero, a blood avenger, and the murder he committed was, it is said, an act of "higher justice," and the jury, seemingly, took the same view, and that suggests the question whether there is in France, or any civilized community, a "higher justice" than that entrusted to the administration of the legal authorities.

John F. Bowman was elected mayor of Salt Lake City, Nov. 8, 1927, with a total of 17,795 votes. His competitor Mayor C. Clarence Neslen, received 15,216 votes. Mr. Charles N. Febr and commissioner T. T. Burton were elected with 21,351 and 15,219 votes, respectively.

The cornerstones of the L. D. S. tabernacle at Twin Falls, Idaho, were laid Oct. 23, President Wm. T. Jack of Oakley, Cassia stake, officiating. President L. S. Kirkman, of the Twin Falls stake, announced the amount of the contributions collected and the funds expended, and explained that the copper box placed in the cornerstone contained a roster of those, numbering more than 1000, who have contributed to the structure up to the present time.

Bishop Alfred Ricks died at his home in Sugar City, Idaho, Oct. 24, 1927, after several months' illness. He came to Rexburg with his father, President Thomas Ricks, founder of that city and the college there which bears his name. He homesteaded the farm in that vicinity in the early days and was largely instrumental in bringing about a greater agricultural development in the upper valley. Of recent years he had been in the mercantile business in Sugar City. For more than twenty years he was a bishop and under his guidance the Church in Sugar City grew from a few members to one of the largest in the upper country. He was born Nov. 28, 1869, at Logan, Utah, and is survived by his widow and six children.

An earthquake shock of considerable intensity shook southeastern Alaska, Oct. 24, 1927, severing the military cables between Ketchikan and Wrangell and between Juneau, Haines and Skagway, breaking dishes and windows and stopping clocks. The center of disturbance is supposed to have been in the Pacific ocean off the coast of Alaska.

Fire destroyed the building of the Carpenter Paper Co., 143-5 South State street, Salt Lake City, causing a total loss of approximately $325,000, on Sunday, Oct. 23. The first fire alarm was turned in at 7:25 p. m.

It was found that the blaze had started in an old two-story warehouse at the rear of the main buildings, which were damaged to the extent of $50,000. The heaviest losses were suffered by the paper company, but the Mountain States Implement company, 135-39 South State street, and Sam Peterson and Sons Company, 147 South State street also reported losses to both building and stock of their respective establishments. A heroic act of rescue is told in the reports of the fire. One of the firemen, Francis L. Buhler, while chopping a pathway for a hose to be brought into the center of the building, fell headlong into a mass of burning rubbish and came into contact with an exposed live wire. He was rendered unconscious by the electricity and would have burned to death but for the heroic action of Captain Rafferty, who rushed to his assistance. Dashing the charged wire from the prostrate body of the fallen fireman, the captain carried him to a point of safety. First aid treatment was applied and Buhler was revived.

Patrick, Cardinal O'Donnell, primate of the Irish Roman Catholic church, died Oct. 22, 1927, of double pneumonia. The last few days he was very weak. His illness was diagnosed as influenza pneumonia, and pleurisy had developed on the right side.

Four thousand coal miners are said to have gone on a strike in the Colorado coal fields, on Oct. 18, 1927, at the call of the I. W. W. leaders. Trouble seems to be brewing in that region.

Moving picture shows were declared illegal in Provo, by Judge George P. Parker, in the Fourth district court. In a former decision in a similar case based on an old city ordinance, which did not either expressly or by implication prohibit the operation of picture shows on Sunday, Judge Parker ruled in favor of the theater. Following this decision early this year, the city commission passed a new ordinance wherein the express terms prohibit the operation of Sunday movies.

A statue of Major General George Gordon Meade, who commanded the Union forces at the battle of Gettysburg, was accepted by Pres. Coolidge, Oct. 19, 1927, on behalf of the nation. The President paid the Union commander a high tribute for reliability and courage. The memorial was unveiled by a daughter of General Meade, Miss Henrietta Meade of Philadelphia, who, with Governor Fisher and members of his staff, were guests of the president at luncheon before the ceremony.

A farewell party for Dr. and Mrs. John A. Widtsoe was given in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, Nov. 10, 1927, under the auspices of the brethren presiding in the Scandinavian meetings in Salt Lake City, and the Associated Newspapers. Dr. Widtsoe, who has been called to preside over the European mission, is the president of a committee appointed by the Church authorities to supervise and direct those meetings and publications, and the brethren laboring under the discretion of that committee, and numerous Church members of foreign extraction—German and Scandinavian and from Holland—met to express their love and respect for Dr. Widtsoe and his estimable wife and wish Godspeed on their journey and success in their labors abroad.

President Heber J. Grant was the principal speaker of the evening. He congratulated the guests of honor on the call they had received to go out in the world and win souls for Christ. He also told of his own joy in missionary labor in the European mission, and the outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord in the gatherings of the Saints in foreign countries.

Other speakers were President Rulon S. Wells, Elder Andrew Jenson, Gustav Forsberg, Adam L. Petersen, Jean Wunderlick, Wm. DeBry, and C. M. Nielsen. Three young ladies in the national costumes of the Scandinavian countries, Misses Viola Poruun, Irene Winther and Elsie Olson, sent greetings to the "Old Countries," on behalf of the Scandinavians here. Dr. and Mrs. Widtsoe replied, deeply touched, to the addresses delivered and the entire program, expressing their heartfelt appreciation of the beautiful proceedings of the evening.

The Assembly Hall was artistically decorated with flowers and flags. Music was provided by Scandinavian choirs and by Prof. Axel Nylander (flute) and Prof. C. Adolph Swenson (violin). A token of remembrance was presented to the guests of honor, on behalf of those present, by Elder Isaac Thunell. Elder Ole Gulbrandsen opened the program with prayer, and Elder H. M. H. Lund pronounced the benediction.

Oft men, in vaunted wisdom,
As lighting bugs we find,
To grope through life's dark Chasm,
With their headlights on behind.

O. F. URSENBACH.

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HUMOROUS HINTS

We'd hate to have to wear anything that had to be pulled up as often as stockings, or down as often as skirts.—*Ohio State Journal.*

* * *

Edison thinks people should eat the same thing every day. Nature designed that man to run a boarding house.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

* * *

King George, of England, sold out an entire booth of flowers at a recent charity fete. The fete was in Scotland. We'd call it a feat.—*San Diego Union.*

* * *

I believe that the members of the dental profession are the only men who can tell a woman to open or close her mouth and get away with it.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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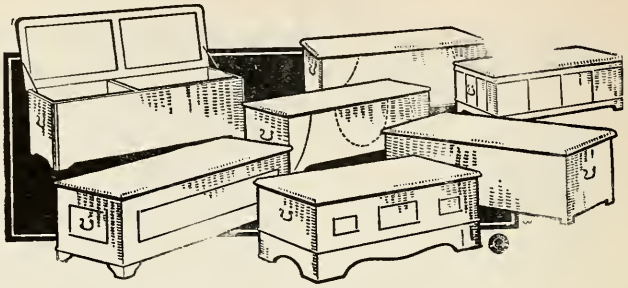

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It's a short highway that has no detours!—*Perrins.*

* * *

The person who thinks all others are fools is at least a very safe motorist.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

* * *

As we understand it, the little King of Roumania has almost as much authority as the King of Italy.—*El Paso Times.*

* * *

Germany's rag trade is languishing, it is announced, because the men wear their clothes too long and the women wear their's too short.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

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The financial editor says that when money is tight it must be conceded that somebody has been getting more than half of 1 per cent.—*Los Angeles Times.*

* * *

The gentleman who has just been sentenced to four years in prison for a swindle which netted him four dollars is another kind of dollar-a-year man.—*New York Evening Post.*

* * *

There is almost no danger now that a girl will catch on fire from the grate, but we should think she would be in a good deal of danger of being suddenly chilled if she gets too near the Frigidaire.—*Ohio State Journal.*

* * *

Song Hit: So they gave the vegetable man's daughter a job in the jewelry store —she knew her carrots.—*Perrins.*

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